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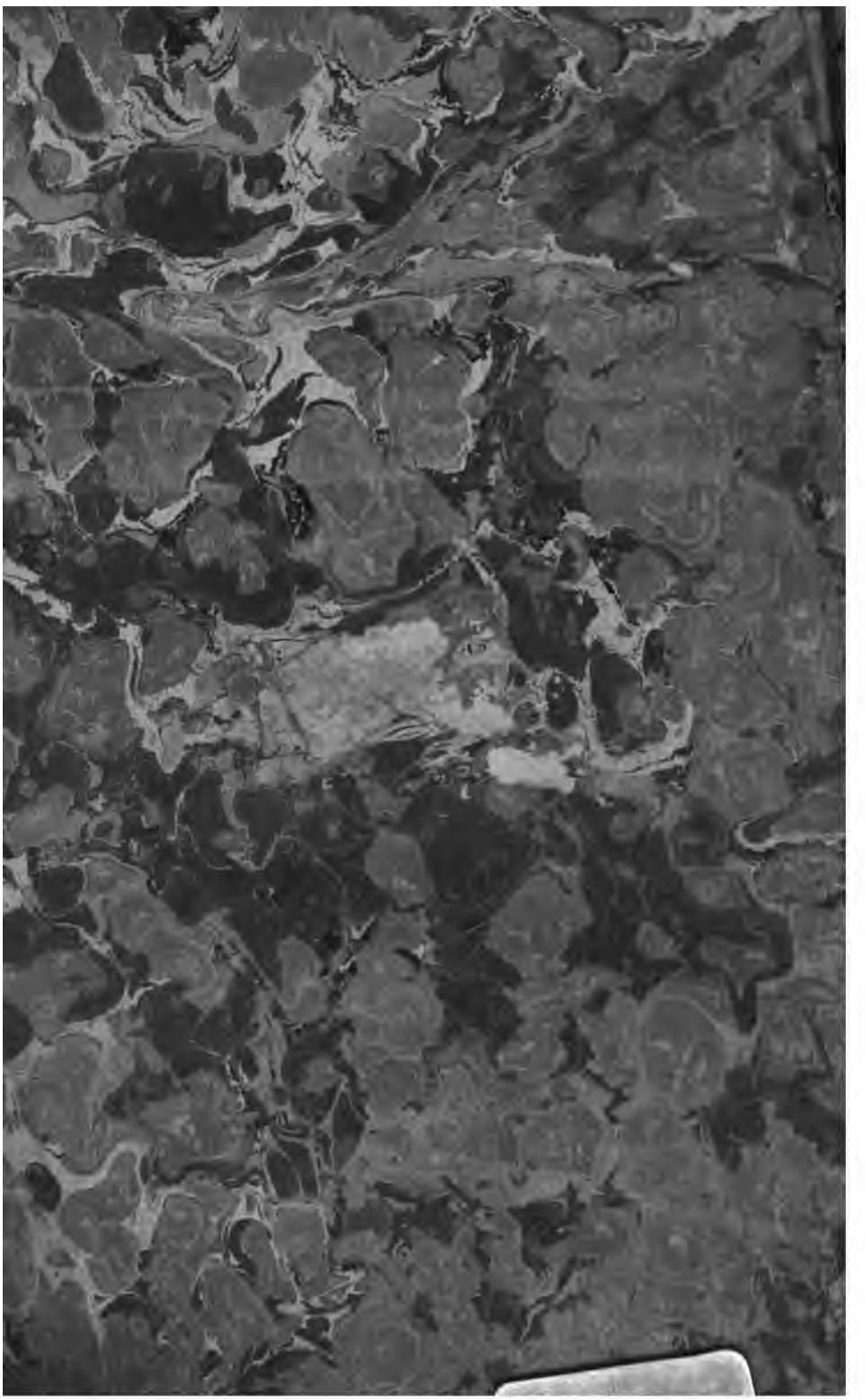

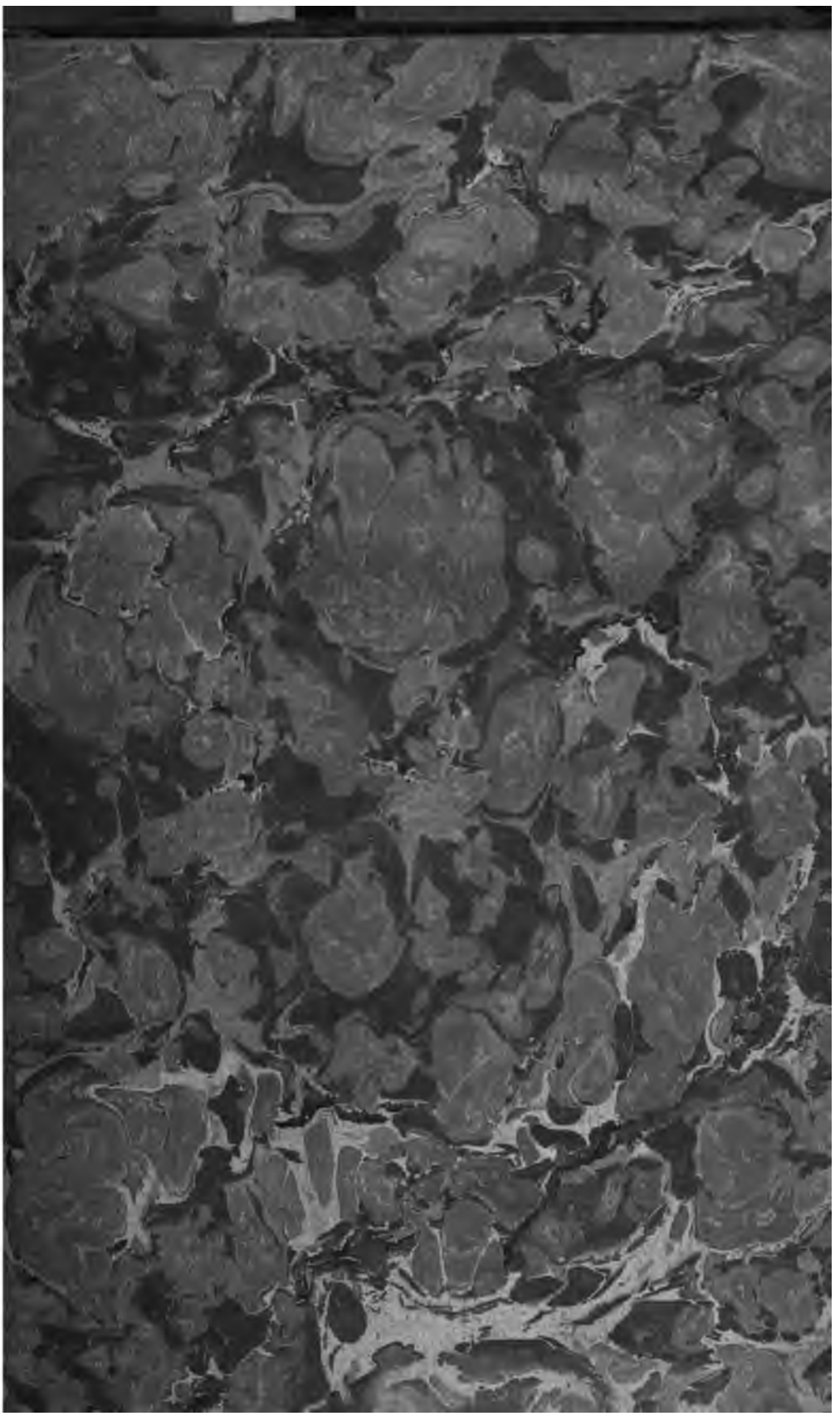

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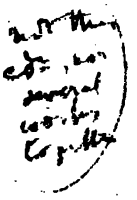


THE

CHASE,

A

POEM:

To which is added

HOBBINOL,

OR THE

RURAL GAMES.

The AUTHOR,

WILLIAM SOMERVILE, Esq;

Nec tibi cura Canum fuerit postrema.

VIRG. Georg. iii.

Romanis solenne viris opus, utile famæ,
Vitæque, & membris.

HOR. Ep. xviii. Lib. 1.

BIRMINGHAM:

Printed by ROBERT MARTIN, and Sold by A. DONALDSON at his Shop, near *Norfolk Street* in the *Strand*, LONDON.

MDCCLXVII.

280. i. 319.

The PREFACE.

THE Old and Infirm have at leaſt this Privilege, that they can recall to their Minds thoſe Scenes of Joy in which they once delighted, and ruminate over their paſt Pleaſures, with a Satisfaction almoſt equal to the firſt Enjoyment. For thoſe Ideas, to which any agreeable Senſation is annex'd, are eaſily excited; as leaving behind them the moſt ſtrong and permanent Impreſſions. The Amuſements of our Youth are the Boaſt and Comfort of our declining Years. The Ancients carried this Notion even yet further, and ſuppoſed their Heroes in the Elyſian Fields were fond of the very ſame Diverſions they exerciſed on Earth. Death itſelf could not wean them from the accuſtom'd Sports and Gaieties of Life.

Pars in gramineis exercent membra palæſtris,
Contendunt ludo, & fulva luctantur arena:
Pars pedibus plaudunt choreas, & carmina dicunt.
Arma procul curruſque virum miratur inanes.
Stant terra defixæ haſtæ, paſſimque ſoluti
Per campos paſcuntur equi. Quæ gratia currum
Armorumque fuit vivis, quæ cura nitentes
Paſcere equos, eadem ſequitur tellure repoſtos.

VIRG. AEneid. vi.

Part on the graſſy Cirque their pliant Limbs
In Wreſtling exerciſe, or on the Sands
Struggling diſpute the Prize. Part lead the Ring,
Or ſwell the Chorus with alternate Lays.
The Chief their Arms admires, their empty Cars,
Their Lances fix'd in Earth. Th' unharneſs'd Steeds
Graze unreſtrain'd; Horſes, and Cars, and Arms,
All the ſame fond Deſires, and pleaſing Cares,
Still haunt their Shades, and after Death ſurvive.

I hope therefore I may be indulged (even by the more grave and cenſorious Part of Mankind) if at my leiſure Hours, I run over, in my Elbow-Chair, ſome of thoſe Chaſes, which were once the Delight of a more vigorous Age. It is an entertaining, and (as I conceive) a very innocent Amuſement. The Reſult of theſe rambling Imaginations will be found in the following Poem; which if equally diverting to my Readers, as to myſelf, I ſhall have gained my End. I have intermixed the preceptive Parts with ſo many Deſcriptions and Digreſſions in the Georgic Manner, that I hope they will not be tedious. I am ſure they are very neceſſary to be well underſtood by any Gentleman, who would enjoy this noble Sport in full Perfection. In this at leaſt I may comfort myſelf, that I cannot treſpaſs upon their Patience more than *Markham*, *Blome*, and the other Proſe Writers upon this Subject.

It is moſt certain, that Hunting was the Exerciſe of the greateſt Heroes in Antiquity. By this they formed them-

themſelves for War; and their Exploits againſt Wild Beaſts were a Prelude to their future Victories. *Xenophon* ſays, that almoſt all the ancient Heroes, *Neſtor*, *Theſeus*, *Caſtor*, *Pollux*, *Ulyſſes*, *Diomedes*, *Achilles*, &c. were *Μαθηταὶ Κυνηγεσιῶν*, Diſciples of Hunting; being taught carefully that Art, as what would be highly ſerviceable to them in Military Diſcipline. *Xen. Cynegetic.* And *Pliny* obſerves, thoſe who were deſign'd for great Captains, were firſt taught *certare cum fugacibus feris curſu, cum audacibus robore, cum callidis aſtu: To conteſt with the ſwifteſt Wild Beaſts, in Speed; with the boldeſt, in Strength; with the moſt cunning, in Craft and Subtilty.* Plin. Panegyr. And the *Roman* Emperors, in thoſe Monuments they erected to tranſmit their Actions to future Ages, made no ſcruple to join the Glories of the Chaſe to their moſt celebrated Triumphs. Neither were their Poets wanting to do Juſtice to this heroic Exerciſe. Beſide that of *Oppian* in *Greek*, we have ſeveral Poems in *Latin* upon Hunting. *Gratius* was Contemporary with *Ovid;* as appears by this Verſe,

Aptaque venanti Gratius arma dabit.

LIB. iv. PONT.

Gratius *ſhall arm the Huntſman for the Chaſe.*

But of his Works only ſome Fragments remain. There are many others of more modern Date. Amongſt theſe *Nemeſianus*, who ſeems very much ſuperior to *Gratius*, tho' of a more degenerate Age. But only a Frag-

ment of his firſt Book is preſerv'd. We might indeed have expected to have ſeen it treated more at large by *Virgil* in his third Georgic, ſince it is expreſly Part of his Subject. But he has favoured us only with ten Verſes; and what he ſays of Dogs, relates wholly to Greyhounds and Maſtiffs.

Veloces Spartæ catulos, acremque Moloſſum.

GEORG. iii.

The Greyhound ſwift, and Maſtiff's furious Breed.

And he directs us to feed them with Butter-Milk. *Paſce Sero pingui.* He has it is true touch'd upon the Chaſe in the 4th and 7th Books of the *AEneid.* But it is evident, that the Art of Hunting is very different now, from what it was in his Days, and very much altered and improved in theſe latter Ages. It does not appear to me that the Ancients had any Notion of purſuing Wild Beaſts by the Scent only, with a regular and well-diſciplin'd Pack of Hounds; and therefore they muſt have paſs'd for Poachers amongſt our modern Sportſmen. The Muſter Roll given us by *Ovid*, in his ſtory of *Actæon* is of all Sorts of Dogs, and of all Countries. And the Deſcription of the ancient Hunting, as we find it in the Antiquities of *Pere de Montfaucon* taken from the Sepulchre of the *Naſos,* and the Arch of *Conſtantine*, has not the leaſt Trace of the Manner now in Uſe.

When-

Whenever the Ancients mention Dogs following by the Scent, they mean no more than finding out the Game by the Noſe of one ſingle Dog. This was as much as they knew of the *Odora canum vis.* Thus *Nemeſianus* ſays,

Odorato noſcunt veſtigia prato,
Atque etiam leporum ſecreta cubilia monſtrant.

They challenge on the Mead the recent Stains,
And trail the Hare unto her ſecret Form.

Oppian has a long Deſcription of theſe Dogs in his firſt Book from *Ver.* 479 to 526. And here tho' he ſeems to deſcribe the Hunting of the Hare by the Scent thro' many Turnings and Windings; yet he really ſays no more, than that one of thoſe Hounds which he calls ἰχνευτῆρες, finds out the Game. For he follows the Scent no further than the Hare's Form; from whence, after he has ſtarted her, he purſues her by Sight. I am indebted for theſe two laſt Remarks to a reverend and very learned Gentleman, whoſe Judgment in the *Belles Lettres* no Body diſputes, and whoſe Approbation gave me the Aſſurance to publiſh this Poem.

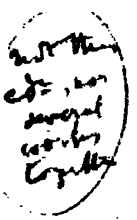
Oppian alſo obſerves, that the beſt Sort of theſe Finders were brought from *Britain*; this Iſland having always been famous (as it is at this Day) for the beſt Breed of Hounds, for Perſons the beſt ſkill'd in the Art of Hunting, and for Horſes the moſt enduring

to follow the Chaſe. It is therefore ſtrange that none of our Poets have yet thought it worth their While to treat of this Subject; which is without doubt very noble in itſelf, and very well adapted to receive the moſt beautiful Turns of Poetry. Perhaps our Poets have no great Genius for Hunting. Yet I hope, my Brethren of the Couples, by encouraging this firſt, but imperfect, Eſſay, will ſhew the World they have at leaſt ſome Taſte for Poetry.

The Ancients eſteemed Hunting, not only as a manly and warlike Exerciſe, but as highly conducive to Health. The famous *Galen* recommends it above all others, as not only exerciſing the Body, but giving Delight and Entertainment to the Mind. And he calls the Inventors of this Art wiſe Men, and well ſkill'd in human Nature. *Lib. de parvæ pilæ Exercitio.*

The Gentlemen, who are fond of a Gingle at the Cloſe of ev'ry Verſe, and think no Poem truly muſical but what is in Rhyme, will here find themſelves diſappointed. If they will be pleaſed to read over the ſhort Preface before the *Paradiſe Loſt*, Mr. *Smith*'s Poem in Memory of his Friend Mr. *John Philips*, and the Archbiſhop of *Cambray*'s Letter to Monſieur *Fontenelle*, they may probably be of another Opinion. For my own Part, I ſhall not be aſham'd to follow the Example of *Milton*, *Philips*, *Thomſon*, and all our beſt tragic Writers.

Some few Terms of Art are diſperſed here and there; but ſuch only as are abſolutely requiſite to explain my Subject. I hope in this the Critics will excuſe me; for I am humbly of Opinion, that the Affectation, and not the neceſſary Uſe, is the proper Object of their Cenſure. But



TO

WILLIAM SOMERVILE, Eſq;

On his POEM called

The CHASE.

WHILE you, Sir, gain the ſteep Aſcent to Fame,
And Honours due to deathleſs Merit claim;
To a weak Muſe a kind Indulgence lend,
Fond with juſt Praiſe your Labours to commend,
And tell the World, that Somervile's *her Friend.*
Her Incenſe guiltleſs of the Forms of Art
Breaths all the Huntſman's Honeſty of Heart;
Whoſe Fancy ſtill the pleaſing Scene retains
Of Edric's *Villa, and* Ardenna's *Plains:*
Joys, which from Change ſuperior Charms receiv'd.
The Horn hoarſe-ſounding by the Lyre reliev'd:
When the Day crown'd with rural, chaſte Delight
Reſigns obſequious to the feſtive Night;

The

The feſtive Night awakes th' harmonious Lay,
And in ſweet Verſe recounts the Triumphs of the Day.

Strange! that the Britiſh *Muſe ſhould leave ſo long,*
The Chaſe, *the Sport of* Britain's *Kings, unſung!*
Diſtinguiſh'd Land! by Heav'n indulg'd to breed
The ſtout, ſagacious Hound, and gen'rous Steed:
In vain! while yet no Bard adorn'd our Iſle,
To celebrate the glorious ſylvan Toil.
For this what darling Son ſhall feel thy Fire,
God of th' unerring Bow, and tuneful Lyre?
Our Vows are heard---attend, ye vocal Throng,
Somervile *meditates th' advent'rous Song.*
Bold to attempt, and happy to excell,
His num'rous Verſe the Huntſman's Art ſhall tell.
From him, ye Britiſh *Youths, a vig'rous Race,*
Imbibe the various Science of the Chaſe;
And while the well-plan'd Syſtem you admire,
Know, Brunswick *only could the Work inſpire:*
A Georgic Muſe awaits Augustan *Days,*
And Somerviles *will ſing, when* Frederics *give the Bays.*

To

TO THE

AUTHOR of the CHASE.

ONCE more, my Friend, I touch the trembling Lyre,
And in my Boſom feel poetic Fire.
For thee I quit the Laws more rugged Ways,
To pay my humble Tribute to thy Lays.
What, tho' I daily turn each learned Sage,
And labour thro' the unenlighten'd Page:
Wak'd by thy Lines, the borrow'd Flames I feel,
As Flints give Fire when aided by the Steel.
Tho' in ſulphureous Clouds of Smoke confin'd,
Thy rural Scenes ſpring freſh into my Mind.
Thy Genius in ſuch Colours paints the Chaſe,
The real to fictitious Joys give Place.
When the wild Muſic charms my raviſh'd Ear,
How dull, how taſteleſs Handel's *Notes appear!*
Ev'n Farenelli's *Self the Palm reſigns,*
It yields——but to the Muſic of thy Lines.

If

If Friends to Poetry can yet be found
Who without bluſhing, Senſe prefer to Sound;
Then let this ſoft, this Soul-enfeebling Band,
Theſe warbling Minſtrels quit the beggar'd Land.
They but a momentary Joy impart,
'Tis you, who touch the Soul, and warm the Heart.
How tempting do thy ſylvan Sports appear!
Ev'n wild Ambition might vouchſafe an Ear,
Might her fond Luſt of Pow'r awhile compoſe,
And gladly change it for thy ſweet Repoſe.
No fierce, unruly Senates, threaten here,
No Axe, no Scaffold, to the View appear,
No Envy, Diſappointment, and Deſpair.
Here, bleſt Viciſſitude! whene'er you pleaſe,
You Step from Exerciſe to learned Eaſe;
Turn o'er each Claſſic Page, each Beauty trace,
The Mind unwearied in the pleaſing Chaſe.
Oh! would kind Heav'n ſuch Happineſs beſtow,
Let Fools, let Knaves, be Maſters here below.

J. TRACY.

ARGUMENT of the firſt Book.

THE Subject propoſed. Addreſs to his Royal Highneſs the Prince. The Origin of Hunting. The rude and unpoliſhed Manner of the firſt Hunters. Beaſts at firſt hunted for Food and Sacrifice. The Grant made by God to Man of the Beaſts, &c. *The regular Manner of Hunting firſt brought into this Iſland by the* Normans. *The beſt Hounds and beſt Horſes bred here. The Advantage of this Exerciſe to us, as Iſlanders. Addreſs to Gentlemen of Eſtates. Situation of the Kennel and its ſeveral Courts. The Diverſion and Employment of Hounds in the Kennel. The different Sorts of Hounds for each different Chaſe. Deſcription of a perfect Hound. Of ſizing and ſorting of Hounds, the middle-ſized Hound recommended. Of the large deep-mouth'd Hound for hunting the Stag and Otter. Of the Lime Hound; their Uſe on the Borders of* England *and* Scotland. *A Phyſical Account of Scents. Of good and bad ſcenting Days. A ſhort Admonition to my Brethren of the Couples.*

THE CHASE, A POEM.

THE Chaſe I ſing, Hounds, and their various Breed,
And no leſs various Uſe, O thou Great Prince!
Whom *Cambria*'s tow'ring Hills proclaim their Lord,
Deign thou to hear my bold, inſtructive Song.
While grateful Citizens with pompous Shew,
Rear the triumphal Arch, rich with th' Exploits
Of thy Illuſtrious Houſe; while Virgins pave
Thy Way with Flow'rs, and as the Royal Youth
Paſſing they view, admire, and ſigh in vain;
While crowded Theatres, too fondly proud

Of their exotic Minſtrels, and ſhrill Pipes,
The Price of Manhood, hail thee with a Song,
And Airs ſoft-warbling; my hoarſe-ſounding Horn
Invites thee to the Chaſe, the Sport of Kings;
Image of War without its Guilt. The Muſe
Aloft on Wing ſhall ſoar, conduct with Care
Thy foaming Courſer o'er the ſteepy Rock,
Or on the River Bank receive thee ſafe,
Light-bounding o'er the Wave, from Shore to Shore.
Be thou our great Protector, gracious Youth!
And if in future Times, ſome envious Prince,
Careleſs of Right and guileful, ſhou'd invade
Thy *Britain*'s Commerce, or ſhould ſtrive in vain
To wreſt the Ballance from thy equal Hand;
Thy Hunter-Train, in cheerful Green array'd,
(A Band undaunted, and inur'd to Toils,)
Shall compaſs thee around, die at thy Feet,
Or hew thy Paſſage thro' th' embattled Foe,
And clear thy Way to Fame; inſpir'd by thee
The nobler Chaſe of Glory ſhall purſue
Thro' Fire, and Smoke, and Blood, and Fields of Death.

NATURE in her Productions ſlow, aſpires
By juſt Degrees to reach Perfection's Height:
So mimic Art works leiſurely, 'till Time
Improve the Piece, or wiſe Experience give
The proper Finiſhing. When *Nimrod* bold,
That mighty Hunter, firſt made War on Beaſts,
And ſtain'd the Woodland Green with purple Dye,
New, and unpoliſh'd was the Huntſman's Art;
No ſtated Rule, his wanton Will his Guide.
With Clubs and Stones, rude Implements of War,
He arm'd his ſavage Bands, a Multitude
Untrain'd; Of twining Oſiers form'd, they pitch
Their artleſs Toils, then range the deſert Hills,
And ſcow'r the Plains below; the trembling Herd
Start at th' unuſual Sound, and clam'rous Shout
Unheard before; ſurpriz'd alas! to find
Man now their Foe, whom erſt they deem'd their Lord,
But mild, and gentle, and by whom as yet
Secure they graz'd. Death ſtretches o'er the Plain
Wide-waſting, and grim Slaughter red with Blood:
Urg'd on by Hunger keen, they wound they kill,

Their Rage licentious knows no bound; at laſt
Incumber'd with their Spoils, joyful they bear
Upon their Shoulders broad, the bleeding Prey.
Part on their Altars ſmokes a Sacrifice
To that all-gracious Pow'r, whoſe bounteous Hand
Supports his wide Creation; what remains
On living Coals they broil, inelegant
Of Taſte, nor ſkill'd, as yet, in nicer Arts
Of pamper'd Luxury. Devotion pure,
And ſtrong Neceſſity, thus firſt began
The Chaſe of Beaſts: Tho' bloody was the Deed,
Yet without Guilt. For the green Herb alone
Unequal to ſuſtain Man's lab'ring Race,
* Now ev'ry moving Thing that liv'd on Earth
Was granted him for Food. So juſt is Heav'n,
To give us in Proportion to our Wants.

Or Chance or Induſtry in After-Times
Some few Improvements made, but ſhort as yet
Of due Perfection. In this Iſle remote
Our painted Anceſtors were ſlow to learn,

* Gen. *chap.* 9. *ver.* 3.

To

To Arms devote, in the politer Arts
Nor ſkill'd nor ſtudious; 'till from *Neuſtria*'s Coaſts
Victorious *William*, to more decent Rules
Subdu'd our *Saxon* Fathers, taught to ſpeak
The proper Dialect, with Horn and Voice
To cheer the buſy Hound, whoſe well-known Cry
His liſt'ning Peers approve with joint Acclaim.
From him ſucceſſive Huntſmen learn'd to join
In bloody ſocial Leagues, the Multitude
Diſpers'd, to ſize, to ſort their various Tribes,
To rear, feed, hunt, and diſcipline the Pack.

HAIL happy *Britain!* highly favour'd Iſle,
And Heav'n's peculiar Care! To thee 'tis giv'n
To train the ſprightly Steed, more fleet than thoſe
Begot by Winds, or the celeſtial Breed
That bore the great *Pelides* thro' the Preſs
Of Heroes arm'd, and broke their crowded Ranks;
Which proudly neighing, with the Sun begins
Cheerful his Courſe; and e'er his Beams decline,
Has meaſur'd half thy Surface unfatigu'd.
In thee alone, fair Land of Liberty!

Is bred the perfect Hound, in Scent and Speed
As yet unrival'd, while in other Climes
Their Virtue fails, a weak degen'rate Race.
In vain malignant Steams, and Winter Fogs
Load the dull Air, and hover round our Coaſts,
The Huntſman ever gay, robuſt, and bold,
Defies the noxious Vapour, and confides
In this delightful Exerciſe, to raiſe
His drooping Head, and cheer his Heart with Joy.

Ye vig'rous Youths, by ſmiling Fortune bleſt
With large Demeſnes, hereditary Wealth,
Heap'd copious by your wiſe Fore-Father's Care,
Hear and attend! while I the Means reveal
T'enjoy thoſe Pleaſures, for the Weak too ſtrong,
Too coſtly for the Poor: To rein the Steed
Swift-ſtretching o'er the Plain, to cheer the Pack
Op'ning in Conſorts of harmonious Joy.
But breathing Death. What tho' the Gripe ſevere
Of brazen-fiſted Time, and ſlow Diſeaſe
Creeping thro' ev'ry Vein, and Nerve unſtrung,
Afflict my ſhatter'd Frame, undaunted ſtill,

Fix'd

Fix'd as a Mountain Aſh, that braves the Bolts
Of angry *Jove*; tho' blaſted, yet unfall'n;
Still can my Soul in Fancy's Mirror view
Deeds glorious once, recal the joyous Scene
In all its Splendors deck'd, o'er the full Bowl
Recount my Triumphs paſt, urge others on
With Hand and Voice, and point the winding Way:
Pleas'd with that ſocial ſweet Garrulity.
The poor diſbanded Vet'rane's ſole Delight.

FIRST let the Kennel be the Huntſman's Care,
Upon ſome little Eminence erect,
And fronting to the ruddy Dawn? its Courts
On either Hand wide op'ning to receive
The Sun's all-cheering Beams, when mild he ſhines,
And gilds the Mountain Tops. For much the Pack
(Rous'd from their dark Alcoves) delight to ſtretch,
And baſk, in his invigorating Ray:
Warn'd by the ſtreaming Light, and merry Lark,
Forth ruſh the jolly Clan; with tuneful Throats
They carol loud, and in grand Chorus join'd
Salute the new-born Day. For not alone

The Vegetable World, but Men and Brutes
Own his reviving Influence, and Joy
At his Approach. Fountain of Light! if Chance
Some envious Cloud veil thy refulgent Brow,
In vain the Muſes Aid, untouch'd, unſtrung,
Lies my mute Harp, and thy deſponding Bard
Sits darkly muſing o'er th' unfiniſh'd Lay.

LET no *Corinthian* Pillars prop the Dome,
A vain Expence, on charitable Deeds
Better diſpos'd, to clothe the tatter'd Wretch,
Who ſhrinks beneath the Blaſt, to feed the Poor
Pinch'd with afflictive Want: For Uſe, not State,
Gracefully plain, let each Apartment riſe.
O'er all let Cleanlineſs preſide, no Scraps
Beſtrew the Pavement, and no half-pick'd Bones,
To kindle fierce Debate, or to diſguſt
That nicer Senſe, on which the Sportſman's Hope,
And all his future Triumphs muſt depend.
Soon as the growling Pack with eager Joy
Have lapp'd their ſmoking Viands, Morn or Eve,
From the full Ciſtern lead the ductile Streams,

To

To waſh thy Court well-pav'd, nor ſpare thy Pains,
For much to Health will Cleanlineſs avail.
Seek'ſt thou for Hounds to climb the rocky Steep,
And bruſh th' entangled Covert, whoſe nice Scent
O'er greaſy Fallows, and frequented Roads
Can pick the dubious Way? Baniſh far off
Each noiſome Stench, let no offenſive Smell
Invade thy wide Incloſure, but admit
The nitrous Air, and purifying Breeze.

WATER and Shade no leſs demand thy Care:
In a large Square th' adjacent Field incloſe,
There plant in equal Ranks the ſpreading Elm,
Or fragrant Lime; moſt happy thy Deſign,
If at the Bottom of thy ſpacious Court,
A large Canal fed by the cryſtal Brook,
From its tranſparent Boſom ſhall reflect
Thy downward Structure and inverted Grove.
Here when the Sun's too potent Gleams annoy
The crowded Kennel, and the drooping Pack
Reſtleſs and faint, loll their unmoiſten'd Tongues,
And drop their feeble Tails; to cooler Shades

Lead

Lead forth the panting Tribe; ſoon ſhalt thou find
The cordial Breeze their fainting Hearts revive:
Tumultuous ſoon they plunge into the Stream,
There lave their reeking Sides, with greedy Joy
Gulp down the flying Wave, this Way and that
From Shore to Shore they ſwim, while Clamour loud
And wild Uproar torments the troubled Flood:
Then on the ſunny Bank they roll and ſtretch
Their dripping Limbs, or elſe in wanton Rings
Courſing around, purſuing and purſu'd,
The merry Multitude diſporting play.

But here with watchful and obſervant Eye,
Attend their Frolics, which too often end
In bloody Broils and Death. High o'er thy Head
Wave thy reſounding Whip, and with a Voice
Fierce-menacing o'er-rule the ſtern Debate,
And quench their kindling Rage; for oft in Sport
Begun, Combat enſues, growling they ſnarl,
Then on their Haunches rear'd, rampant they ſeize
Each others Throats, with Teeth, and Claws, in Gore
Beſmear'd, they wound, they tear, 'till on the Ground,
Panting,

Panting, half dead the conquer'd Champion lies:
Then ſudden all the baſe ignoble Crowd
Loud-clam'ring ſeize the helpleſs worried Wretch,
And thirſting for his Blood, drag diff'rent Ways
His mangled Carcaſs on th' enſanguin'd Plain.
O Breaſts of Pity void! t'oppreſs the Weak,
To point your Vengeance at the friendleſs Head,
And with one mutual Cry inſult the fall'n!
Emblem too juſt of Man's degen'rate Race.

OTHERS apart by native Inſtinct led,
Knowing Inſtructor! 'mong the ranker Graſs
Cull each ſalubrious Plant, with bitter Juice
Concoctive ſtor'd, and potent to allay
Each vitious Ferment. Thus the Hand divine
Of Providence, benificent and kind
To all his Creatures, for the Brutes preſcribes
A ready Remedy, and is himſelf
Their great Phyſician. Now grown ſtiff with Age,
And many a painful Chaſe, the wiſe old Hound
Regardleſs of the frolic Pack, attends
His Maſter's Side, or ſlumbers at his Eaſe

Beneath

Beneath the bending Shade; there many a Ring
Runs o'er in Dreams; now on the doubtful Foil
Puzzles perplex'd, or Doubles intricate
Cautious unfolds, then wing'd with all his Speed,
Bounds o'er the Lawn to ſeize his panting Prey,
And in imperfect Whimp'rings ſpeaks his Joy.

A diff'rent Hound for ev'ry diff'rent Chaſe
Select with Judgment; not the tim'rous Hare
O'er-match'd deſtroy, but leave that vile Offence
To the mean, murd'rous courſing Crew; intent
On Blood and Spoil. O blaſt their Hopes, juſt Heav'n!
And all their painful Drudgeries repay
With Diſappointment and ſevere Remorſe.
But huſband thou thy Pleaſures, and give Scope
To all her ſubtle Play: By Nature led
A thouſand Shifts ſhe tries; t'unravel theſe
Th' induſtrious Beagle twiſts his waving Tail,
Thro' all her Labyrinths purſues, and rings
Her doleful Knell. See there with Count'nance blith,
And with a courtly grin, the fawning Hound
Salutes thee cow'ring, his wide op'ning Noſe

Upwards

Upwards he curls, and his large Sloe-black Eyes
Melt in ſoft Blandiſhments, and humble Joy;
His gloſſy Skin, or Yellow-pied or Blew,
In Lights or Shades by Nature's Pencil drawn
Reflects the various Tints; his Ears and Legs
Fleckt here and there, in gay enamel'd Pride,
Rival the ſpeckled Pard; his Ruſh-grown Tail
O'er his broad Back bends in an ample Arch;
On Shoulders clean, upright and firm he ſtands;
His round Cat Foot, ſtrait Hams, and wide-ſpread Thighs,
And his low-dropping Cheſt, confeſs his Speed,
His Strength, his Wind, or on the ſteepy Hill,
Or far extended Plain; in ev'ry Part
So well proportion'd, that the nicer Skill
Of *Phidias* himſelf can't blame thy Choice.
Of ſuch compoſe thy Pack: But here a Mean
Obſerve, nor the large Hound prefer, of Size
Gigantic, he in the thick-woven Covert
Painfully tugs, or in the thorny Brake
Torn and embarraſs'd bleeds: But if too ſmall
The pigmy Brood in ev'ry Furrow ſwims,
Moil'd in the clogging Clay, panting they lag

Behind

Behind inglorious; or elſe ſhivering creep
Benumb'd and faint beneath the ſhelt'ring Thorn.
For Hounds of middle Size, active and ſtrong,
Will better anſwer all thy various Ends,
And crown thy pleaſing Labours with Succeſs.

As ſome brave Captain, curious and exact,
By his fix'd Standard forms in equal Ranks
His gay Battalion, as one Man they move
Step after Step, their Size the ſame, their Arms
Far-gleaming, dart the ſame united Blaze:
Reviewing Generals his Merit own;
How regular! How juſt! And all his Cares
Are well repaid, if mighty GEORGE approve,
So model thou thy Pack, if Honour touch
Thy gen'rous Soul, and the World's juſt Applauſe.
But above all take heed, nor mix thy Hounds
Of diff'rent Kinds, diſcordant Sounds ſhall grate
Thy Ears offended, and a lagging Line
Of babbling Curs diſgrace thy broken Pack.
But if th' amphibious Otter be thy Chaſe,
Or ſtately Stag, that o'er the Woodland reigns;

Or

Or if th' harmonious Thunder of the Field
Delight thy raviſh'd Ears; the deep-flew'd Hound
Breed up with Care, ſtrong, heavy, ſlow, but ſure;
Whoſe Ears down-hanging from his thick round Head
Shall ſweep the Morning Dew, whoſe clanging Voice
Awake the Mountain Echo in her Cell,
And ſhake the Foreſts: The bold Talbot Kind
Of theſe the Prime, as white as *Alpine* Snows;
And great their Uſe of old. Upon the Banks
Of *Tweed*, ſlow-winding thro' the Vale, the Seat
Of War and Rapine once, e'er *Britons* knew
The Sweets of Peace; or *Anna*'s dread Commands
To laſting Leagues the haughty Rivals aw'd,
There dwelt a pilf'ring Race! well train'd and ſkill'd
In all the Myſteries of Theft, the Spoil
Their only Subſtance, Feuds and War their Sport;
Not more expert in ev'ry fraudful Art
Th' Arch * Felon was of old, who by the Tail
Drew back his lowing Prize: In vain his Wiles,
In vain the Shelter of the cov'ring Rock,
In vain the ſooty Cloud, and ruddy Flames

* Cacus, Virg. AEn. lib. 8.

That

That iſſu'd from his Mouth; for ſoon he paid
His forfeit Life: A Debt how juſtly due
To wrong'd *Alcides*, and avenging Heav'n!
Veil'd in the Shades of Night they ford the Stream,
Then proling far and near, whate'er they ſeize
Becomes their Prey; nor Flocks nor Herds are ſafe,
No Stalls protect the Steer, nor ſtrong-barr'd Doors
Secure the fav'rite Horſe. Soon as the Morn
Reveals his Wrongs, with ghaſtly Viſage wan
The plunder'd Owner ſtands, and from his Lips
A thouſand thronging Curſes burſt their Way:
He calls his ſtout Allies, and in a Line
His faithful Hound he leads, then with a Voice
That utters loud his Rage, attentive cheers:
Soon the ſagacious Brute, his curling Tail
Flouriſh'd in Air; low-bending plies around
His buſy Noſe, the ſteaming Vapour ſnuffs
Inquiſitive, nor leaves one Turf untry'd,
'Till conſcious of the recent Stains, his Heart
Beats quick; his ſnuffling Noſe, his active Tail
Atteſt his Joy; then with deep op'ning Mouth
That makes the Welkin tremble, he proclaims

Th'au-

Th' audacious Felon; Foot by Foot he marks
His winding Way, while all the liſt'ning Crowd
Applaud his Reas'nings. O'er the wa'try Ford,
Dry ſandy Heaths, and ſtony barren Hills,
O'er beaten Paths, with Men and Beaſts diſtain'd,
Unerring he purſues; 'till at the Cot
Arriv'd, and ſeizing by his guilty Throat
The Caitif vile, redeems the captive Prey:
So exquiſitely delicate his Senſe!

Shou'd ſome more curious Sportſman here enquire,
Whence this Sagacity, this wond'rous Pow'r,
Of tracing Step by Step, or Man or Brute?
What Guide inviſible points out their Way,
O'er the dank Marſh, bleak Hill, and ſandy Plain?
The courteous Muſe ſhall the dark Cauſe reveal.
The Blood that from the Heart inceſſant rolls
In many a crimſon Tide, then here and there
In ſmaller Rills diſparted, as it flows
Propell'd, the ſerous Particles evade
Thro' th' open Pores, and with the ambient Air
Entangling mix. As fuming Vapours riſe,

And hang upon the gently purling Brook,
There by th'incumbent Atmoſphere compreſs'd.
The panting Chaſe grows warmer as he flies,
And thro' the Net-work of the Skin perſpires;
Leaves a long-ſtreaming Trail behind, which by
The cooler Air condens'd, remains, unleſs
By ſome rude Storm diſpers'd, or rarified
By the Meridian Sun's intenſer Heat.
To ev'ry Shrub the warm Effluvia cling
Hang on the Graſs, impregnate Earth and Skies:
With Noſtrils op'ning wide, o'er Hill, o'er Dale,
The vig'rous Hounds purſue, with ev'ry Breath
Inhale the grateful Steam, quick Pleaſures ſting
Their tingling Nerves, while they their Thanks repay,
And in triumphant Melody confeſs
The titillating Joy. Thus on the Air
Depend the Hunter's Hopes. When ruddy Streaks
At Eve forebode a bluſt'ring Stormy Day,
Or low'ring Clouds blacken the Mountain's Brow,
When nipping Froſts, and the keen biting Blaſts
Of the dry parching Eaſt, menace the Trees
With tender Bloſſoms teeming, kindly ſpare

Thy

Thy ſleeping Pack, in their warm Beds of Straw
Low-ſinking at their Eaſe; liſtleſs they ſhrink
Into ſome dark Receſs, nor hear thy Voice
Tho' oft invok'd; or haply if thy Call
Rouze up the ſlumb'ring Tribe, with heavy Eyes
Glaz'd, lifeleſs, dull, downward they drop their Tails
Inverted; high on their bent Backs erect
Their pointed Briſtles ſtare, or 'mong the Tufts
Of ranker Weeds, each Stomach-healing Plant
Curious they crop, ſick, ſpiritleſs, forlorn.
Theſe inauſpicious Days, on other Cares
Employ thy precious Hours, th' improving Friend
With open Arms embrace, and from his Lips
Glean Science, ſeaſon'd with good-natur'd Wit.
But if th' inclement Skies, and angry *Jove*
Forbid the pleaſing Intercourſe, thy Books
Invite thy ready Hand, each ſacred Page
Rich with the wiſe Remarks of Heroes old:
Converſe familiar with th'illuſtrious Dead;
With great examples of old *Greece* or *Rome*
Enlarge thy free-born Heart, and bleſs kind Heav'n,
That *Britain* yet enjoys dear Liberty,

That Balm of Life, that ſweeteſt Bleſſing, cheap
Tho' purchas'd with our Blood. Well-bred, polite,
Credit thy Calling. See! how mean, how low,
The bookleſs ſauntring Youth, proud of the Skut
That dignifies his Cap, his flouriſh'd Belt,
And ruſty Couples gingling by his Side.
Be thou of other Mold; and know that ſuch
Tranſporting Pleaſures, were by Heav'n ordain'd
Wiſdom's Relief, and Virtue's great Reward.

The ARGUMENT of the Second Book.

OF *the Power of Inſtinct in Brutes. Two remarkable Inſtances in the Hunting of the Roe-buck, and in the Hare going to Seat in the Morning. Of the Variety of Seats or Forms of the Hare, according to the Change of the Seaſon, Weather or Wind. Deſcription of the Hare-hunting in all its Parts, interſperſed with Rules to be obſerved, by thoſe who follow that Chaſe. Tranſition to the* Aſiatic *Way of Hunting, particularly the magnificent Manner of the Great Mogul, and other* Tartarian *Princes, taken from Monſieur* Berneir, *and the Hiſtory of* Gengiſkan *the Great. Concludes with a ſhort Reproof of Tyrants and Oppreſſors of Mankind.*

BOOK the Second.

NOR will it leſs delight th' attentive Sage
T'obſerve that Inſtinct, which unerring guides
The brutal Race, which mimics Reaſon's Lore
And oft tranſcends: Heav'n taught the Roe-buck ſwift
Loiters at Eaſe before the driving Pack,
And mocks their vain Purſuit, nor far he flies
But checks his Ardour, 'till the ſteaming Scent
That freſhens on the Blade, provokes their Rage.
Urg'd to their Speed, his weak deluded Foes
Soon flag fatigu'd; ſtrain'd to Exceſs each Nerve,
Each ſlacken'd Sinew fails; they pant, they foam;
Then o'er the Lawn he bounds, o'er the high Hills
Stretches ſecure, and leaves the ſcatter'd Crowd
To puzzle in the diſtant Vale below.

'Tis Inſtinct that directs the jealous Hare
To chuſe her ſoft Abode: With Step revers'd
She forms the doubling Maze; then, e'er the Morn
Peeps thro' the Clouds, leaps to her cloſe Receſs.

As wand'ring Shepherds on th' *Arabian* Plains
No ſettled Reſidence obſerve, but ſhift,
Their moving Camp; now, on ſome cooler Hill
With Cedars crown'd, court the refreſhing Breeze;
And then, below where trickling Streams diſtil
From ſome penurious Source, their Thirſt allay,
And feed their fainting Flocks. So the wiſe Hares
Oft quit their Seats, leſt ſome more curious Eye
Shou'd mark their Haunts, and by dark treach'rous Wiles
Plot their Deſtruction; or perchance in hopes
Of plenteous Forage, near the ranker Mead,
Or matted Blade, wary, and cloſe they ſit.
When Spring ſhines forth, Seaſon of Love and Joy,
In the moiſt Marſh, 'mong Beds of Ruſhes hid,
They cool their boiling Blood: When Summer Suns
Bake the cleft Earth, to thick wide-waving Fields

Of

Of Corn full-grown, they lead their helpleſs young:
But when autumnal Torrents, and fierce Rains
Deluge the Vale, in the dry crumbling Bank
Their Forms they delve, and cautiouſly avoid
The dripping Covert; yet when Winter's Cold
Their Limbs benumbs, thither with Speed return'd
In the long Graſs they ſkulk, or ſhrinking creep
Among the wither'd Leaves: Thus changing ſtill
As Fancy prompts them, or as Food invites.
But ev'ry Seaſon carefully obſerv'd,
Th' inconſtant Winds, the fickle Element,
The wiſe experienc'd Huntſman ſoon may find
His ſubtle, various Game, nor waſte in vain
His tedious Hours, 'till his impatient Hounds
With Diſappointment vex'd, each ſpringing Lark
Babbling purſue, far ſcatter'd o'er the Fields.

Now golden Autumn from her open Lap
Her fragrant Bounties ſhow'rs; the Fields are ſhorn,
Inwardly ſmiling, the proud Farmer views
The riſing Pyramids that grace his Yard,
And counts his large Increaſe; his Barns are ſtor'd,

And

And groaning Staddles bend beneath their Load.
All now is free as Air, and the gay Pack
In the rough briſtly Stubbles range unblam'd;
No Widow's Tears o'erflow, no ſecret Curſe
Swells in the Farmer's Breaſt, which his pale Lips
Trembling conceal, by his fierce Landlord aw'd:
But courteous now he levels ev'ry Fence,
Joins in the common Cry, and hollows loud,
Charm'd with the rattling Thunder of the Field.
Oh bear me ſome kind Pow'r inviſible!
To that extended Lawn, where the gay Court
View the ſwift Racers, ſtretching to the Goal;
Games more renown'd, and a far nobler Train,
Than proud *Elean* Fields could boaſt of old.
Oh! were a *Theban* Lyre not wanting here,
And *Pindar*'s Voice, to do their Merit right!
Or to thoſe ſpacious Plains, where the ſtrain'd Eye
In the wide Proſpect loſt, beholds at laſt
Sarum's proud Spire, that o'er the Hills aſcends,
And pierces thro' the Clouds. Or to thy Downs
Fair *Cotſwold*, where the well-breath'd Beagle climbs,

With

With matchleſs Speed, thy green aſpiring Brow,
And leaves the lagging Multitude behind.

HAIL gentle Dawn! Mild bluſhing Goddeſs hail!
Rejoic'd I ſee thy purple Mantle ſpread
O'er half the Skies, Gems pave thy radiant Way,
And orient Pearls from ev'ry Shrub depend.
Farewel, *Cleora*, here deep ſunk in Down
Slumber ſecure, with happy Dreams amus'd,
'Till grateful Steams ſhall tempt thee to receive
Thy early Meal, or thy officious Maids,
The Toilet plac'd, ſhall urge thee to perform
Th' important Work. Me other Joys invite,
The Horn ſonorous calls, the Pack awak'd
Their Mattins Chant, nor brook my long Delay:
My Courſer hears their Voice; ſee there with Ears
And Tail erect, neighing he paws the Ground!
Fierce Rapture kindles in his red'ning Eyes,
And boils in ev'ry Vein. As captive Boys
Cow'd by the ruling Rod, and haughty Frowns
Of Pedagogues ſevere, from their hard Taſks
If once diſmiſs'd, no Limits can contain

The Tumult rais'd within their little Breaſts,
But give a Looſe to all their frolic Play.
So from their Kennel ruſh the joyous Pack;
A thouſand wanton Gaieties expreſs
Their inward Ecſtaſy, their pleaſing Sport
Once more indulg'd, and Liberty reſtor'd.
The riſing Sun that o'er th' Horizon peeps,
As many Colours from their gloſſy Skins
Beaming reflects, as paint the various Bow
When *April* Show'rs deſcend. Delightful Scene!
Where all around is gay, Men, Horſes, Dogs,
And in each ſmiling Countenance appears
Freſh-blooming Health, and univerſal Joy.

HUNTSMAN, lead on! behind the cluſt'ring Pack
Submiſs attend, hear with reſpect thy Whip
Loud-clanging, and thy harſher Voice obey:
Spare not the ſtragling Cur, that wildly roves,
But let thy briſk Aſſiſtant on his back
Imprint thy juſt Reſentments, let each Laſh
Bite to the Quick, 'till howling he return
And whining creep amid the trembling Crowd.

HERE

HERE on this verdant Spot, where Nature kind,
With double Bleſſings crowns the Farmer's Hopes;
Where Flow'rs autumnal ſpring, and the rank Mead
Affords the wand'ring Hares a rich Repaſt;
Throw off thy ready Pack. See, where they ſpread
And range around, and daſh the glitt'ring Dew.
If ſome ſtanch Hound, with his authentic Voice,
Avow the recent Trail, the juſtling Tribe
Attend his Call, then with one mutual Cry,
The welcome News confirm, and echoing Hills
Repeat the pleaſing Tale. See how they thread
The Brakes, and up yon Furrow drive along!
But quick they back recoil, and wiſely check
Their eager Haſte; then o'er the fallow'd Ground
How leiſurely they work, and many a Pauſe
Th' harmonious Conſort breaks; 'till more aſſur'd
With Joy redoubled the low Vallies ring.
What artful Labyrinths perplex their Way!
Ah! there ſhe lies; how cloſe! ſhe pants, ſhe doubts
If now ſhe lives; ſhe trembles as ſhe ſits,
With Horror ſeiz'd. The wither'd Graſs that clings

Around

Around her Head, of the ſame ruſſet Hue
Almoſt deceiv'd my Sight, had not her Eyes
With Life full-beaming her vain Wiles betray'd,
At Diſtance draw thy Pack, let all be huſh'd,
No Clamour loud, no frantic Joy be heard,
Leſt the wild Hound run gadding o'er the Plain
Untractable, nor hear thy chiding Voice.
Now gently put her off; ſee how direct
To her known Muſe ſhe flies! Here Huntſman bring
(But without hurry) all thy jolly Hounds,
And calmly lay them in. How low they ſtoop,
And ſeem to plough the Ground! then all at once
With greedy Noſtrils ſnuff the fuming Steam
That glads their flutt'ring Hearts. As Winds let looſe
From the dark Caverns of the bluſt'ring God,
They burſt away, and ſweep the dewy Lawn.
Hope gives them Wings, while ſhe's ſpurr'd on by Fear.
The Welkin rings, Men, Dogs, Hills, Rocks, and Woods
In the full Confort join. Now my brave Youths,
Stripp'd for the Chaſe, give all your Souls to Joy!
See how their Courſers, than the Mountain Roe
More fleet, the verdant Carpet ſkim, thick Clouds

Snorting

Snorting they breath, their ſhining Hoofs ſcarce print
The Graſs unbruis'd with Emulation fir'd
They ſtrain to lead the Field, top the barr'd Gate,
O'er the deep Ditch exulting Bound, and bruſh
The thorny-twining Hedge: The Riders bend
O'er their arch'd Necks; with ſteady Hands, by turns
Indulge their Speed, or moderate their Rage.
Where are their Sorrows, Diſappointments, Wrongs,
Vexations, Sickneſs, Cares? All, all are gone,
And with the panting Winds lag far behind.

HUNTSMAN! her Gait obſerve, if in wide Rings
She wheel her mazy Way, in the ſame Round
Perſiſting ſtill, ſhe'll foil the beaten Track.
But if ſhe fly, and with the fav'ring Wind
Urge her bold Courſe; leſs intricate thy Taſk:
Puſh on thy Pack. Like ſome poor exil'd Wretch
The frighted Chaſe leaves her late dear Abodes,
O'er Plains remote ſhe ſtretches far away,
Ah! never to return! For greedy Death
Hov'ring exults, ſecure to ſeize his Prey.

HARK!

HARK! from yon Covert, where thoſe tow'ring Oaks
Above the humble Copſe aſpiring riſe,
What glorious Triumphs burſt in ev'ry Gale
Upon our raviſh'd Ears! The Hunters ſhout,
The clanging Horns ſwell their ſweet-winding Notes,
The Pack wide-op'ning load the trembling Air
With various Melody; from Tree to Tree
The propagated Cry, redoubling Bounds,
And winged Zephyrs waft the floating Joy
Thro' all the Regions near: Afflictive Birch
No more the School-boy dreads, his Priſon broke,
Scamp'ring he flies, nor heeds his Maſter's Call.
The weary Traveller forgets his Road,
And climbs th' adjacent Hill; the Ploughman leaves
Th' unfiniſh'd Furrow; nor his bleating Flocks
Are now the Shepherd's Joy; Men, Boys, and Girls
Deſert th' unpeopled Village; and wild Crowds
Spread o'er the Plain, by the ſweet Frenzy ſeiz'd.
Look, how ſhe pants! and o'er yon op'ning Glade
Slips glancing by; while at the further End,
The puzzling Pack unravel Wile by Wile.

Maze

Maze within Maze. The Covert's utmoſt Bound
Slyly ſhe ſkirts; behind them cautious creeps,
And in that very Track, ſo lately ſtain'd
By all the ſteaming Croud, ſeems to purſue
The Foes ſhe flies. Let Cavillers deny
That Brutes have Reaſon; ſure 'tis ſomething more,
'Tis Heav'n directs, and Stratagems inſpires,
Beyond the ſhort Extent of human Thought.
But hold—I ſee her from the Covert break;
Sad on yon little Eminence ſhe ſits;
Intent ſhe liſtens with one Ear erect,
Pond'ring, and doubtful what new Courſe to take,
And how t'eſcape the fierce blood-thirſty Crew,
That ſtill urge on, and ſtill in Vollies loud,
Inſult her Woes, and mock her ſore Diſtreſs.
As now in louder Peals, the loaded Winds
Bring on the gath'ring Storm, her Fears prevail;
And o'er the Plain, and o'er the Mountain's Ridge,
Away ſhe flies; nor Ships with Wind and Tide
And all their Canvaſs Wings ſkud half ſo faſt.
Once more, ye jovial Train, your Courage try,
And each clean Courſer's Speed. We ſcour along,

In pleaſing Hurry and Confuſion toſt;
Oblivion to be wiſh'd. The patient Pack
Hang on the Scent unweary'd, up they climb,
And ardent we purſue; our lab'ring Steeds
We preſs, we gore; till once the Summit gain'd,
Painfully panting, there we breath awhile;
Then like a foaming Torrent, pouring down
Precipitant, we ſmoke along the Vale.
Happy the Man, who with unrival'd Speed
Can paſs his Fellows, and with Pleaſure view
The ſtruggling Pack; how in the rapid Courſe
Alternate they preſide, and juſtling puſh
To guide the dubious Scent; how giddy Youth
Oft babbling errs, by wiſer Age reprov'd;
How niggard of his Strength, the wiſe old Hound
Hangs in the Rear, 'till ſome important Point
Rouſe all his Diligence, or 'till the Chaſe
Sinking he finds; then to the Head he ſprings
With Thirſt of Glory fir'd, and wins the Prize.
Huntſman, take heed; they ſtop in full career.
Yon crowding Flocks, that at a Diſtance gaze,
Have haply foil'd the Turf. See! that old Hound,
How

How buſily he works, but dares not truſt
His doubtful Senſe; draw yet a wider Ring.
Hark! now again the Chorus fills. As Bells
Sally'd a While at once their Peal renew,
And high in Air the tuneful Thunder rolls.
See, how they toſs, with animated Rage
Recov'ring all they loſt!—That eager Haſte
Some doubling Wile foreſhews.—Ah! yet once more
They're check'd,--hold back with Speed--on either Hand
They flouriſh round — ev'n yet perſiſt — 'Tis Right,
Away they ſpring; the ruſtling Stubbles bend
Beneath the driving Storm. Now the poor Chaſe
Begins to flag, to her laſt Shifts reduc'd.
From Brake to Brake ſhe flies, and viſits all
Her well-known Haunts, where once ſhe rang'd ſecure,
With Love and Plenty bleſt. See! there ſhe goes,
She reels along, and by her Gait betrays
Her inward Weakneſs. See, how black ſhe looks!
The Sweat that clogs th'obſtructed Pores, ſcarce leaves
A languid Scent. And now in open View
See, ſee, ſhe flies! each eager Hound exerts
His utmoſt Speed, and ſtretches ev'ry Nerve.

How quick ſhe turns! their gaping Jaws eludes,
And yet a Moment lives; 'till round inclos'd
By all the greedy Pack, with infant Screams
She yields her Breath, and there reluctant dies.
So when the furious *Bacchanals* aſſail'd
Threician Orpheus, poor ill-fated Bard!
Loud was the Cry, Hills, Woods, and *Hebrus'* Banks
Return'd their clam'rous Rage; diſtreſs'd he flies
Shifting from Place to Place, but flies in vain;
For eager they purſue, till panting, faint,
By noiſy Multitudes o'erpower'd, he ſinks,
To the relentleſs Crowd a bleeding Prey.

THE Huntſman now, a deep Inciſion made
Shakes out with Hands impure, and daſhes down
Her reeking Entrails, and yet quiv'ring Heart:
Theſe claim the Pack, the bloody Perquiſite
For all their Toils. Stretch'd on the Ground ſhe lies,
A mangled Coarſe; in her dim glaring Eyes
Cold Death exults, and ſtiffens ev'ry Limb.
Aw'd by the threat'ning Whip, the furious Hounds
Around her Bay; or at their Maſter's Foot,

Each

Each happy Fav'rite courts his kind Applauſe.
With humble Adulation cow'ring low.
All now is Joy. With Cheeks full-blown they wind
Her ſolemn Dirge, while the loud-op'ning Pack
The Concert ſwell, and Hills and Dales return
The ſadly-pleaſing Sounds. Thus the poor Hare,
A puny, daſtard Animal, but vers'd
In ſubtle Wiles, diverts the youthful Train.
But if thy proud aſpiring Soul diſdains
So mean a Prey, delighted with the Pomp,
Magnificence and Grandeur of the Chaſe;
Hear what the Muſe from faithful Records ſings.

WHY on the Banks of *Gemna*, *Indian* Stream
Line within Line, riſe the Pavilions proud,
Their ſilken Streamers waving in the Wind?
Why neighs the warrior Horſe? From Tent to Tent,
Why preſs in Crowds the buzzing Multitude?
Why ſhines the poliſh'd Helm, and pointed Lance,
This Way and that far-beaming o'er the Plain?
Nor *Viſapour* nor *Golconda* rebel;
Nor the great Sophy, with his num'rous Hoſt

Lays waſte the Provinces; nor Glory fires
To rob, and to deſtroy, beneath the Name
And ſpecious Guiſe of War. A nobler Cauſe
Calls *Aurengzebe* to Arms. No Cities ſack'd,
No Mother's Tears, no helpleſs Orphan's Cries,
No violated Leagues, with ſharp Remorſe
Shall ſting the conſcious Victor: But Mankind
Shall hail him good and juſt. For 'tis on Beaſts
He draws his vengeful Sword; on Beaſts of Prey
Full-fed with human Gore. See, ſee, he comes;
Imperial *Dehli* op'ning wide her Gates,
Pours out her thronging Legions, bright in Arms,
And all the Pomp of War. Before them ſound
Clarions and Trumpets. Breathing Martial Airs,
And bold Defiance. High upon his Throne,
Borne on the Back of his proud Elephant,
Sits the great Chief of *Tamur*'s glorious Race:
Sublime he ſits, amid the radiant Blaze
Of Gems and Gold. *Omrahs* about him crowd,
And rein th' *Arabian* Steed, and watch his Nod:
And potent *Rajahs*, who themſelves preſide
O'er Realms of wide Extent; but here ſubmiſs

Their

Their Homage pay, alternate Kings and Slaves.
Next theſe with prying Eunuchs girt around,
The fair Sultanas of his Court; a Troop
Of choſen Beauties, but with Care conceal'd
From each intruſive Eye; one Look is Death.
Ah cruel *Eaſtern* Law! (had Kings a Pow'r
But equal to their wild tyrannic Will)
To rob us of the Sun's all-cheering Ray,
Were leſs ſevere. The Vulgar cloſe the March,
Slaves and Artificers; and *Dehli* mourns
Her empty and depopulated Streets.
Now at the Camp arriv'd, with ſtern Review,
Thro' Groves of Spears, from File to File, he darts
His ſharp experienc'd Eye; their Order marks,
Each in his Station rang'd, exact and firm,
'Till in the boundleſs Line his Sight is loſt.
Not greater Multitudes in Arms appear'd,
On theſe extended Plains, when *Ammon*'s Son
With mighty *Porus* in dread Battle join'd,
The Vaſſal World the Prize. Nor was that Hoſt
More numerous of old, which the great * King

* *Xerxes.*

Pour'd out on *Greece* from all th'unpeopled Eaſt;
That bridg'd the *Helleſpont* from Shore to Shore,
And drank the Rivers dry. Mean While in Troops
The buſy Hunter-train mark out the Ground,
A wide Circumference; full many a League
In Compaſs round; Woods, Rivers, Hills, and Plains,
Large Provinces; enough to gratify
Ambition's higheſt Aim, could Reaſon bound
Man's erring Will. Now ſit in cloſe Divan
The mighty Chiefs of this prodigious Hoſt.
He from the Throne high-eminent preſides,
Gives out his Mandates proud, Laws of the Chaſe,
From ancient Records drawn. With Rev'rence low,
And proſtrate at his Feet, the Chiefs receive
His irreverſible Decrees, from which
To vary, is to die. Then his brave Bands
Each to his Station leads; encamping round,
'Till the wide Circle is completely form'd.
Where decent Order reigns, what theſe command
Thoſe execute with Speed, and punctual Care;
In all the ſtricteſt Diſcipline of War:
As if ſome watchful Foe, with bold Inſult,

Hung

Hung low'ring o'er their Camp. The high Reſolve,
That flies on Wings, thro' all th' encircling Line,
Each Motion ſteers, and animates the Whole.
So by the Sun's attractive Pow'r controll'd,
The Planets in their Spheres roll round his Orb,
On all he ſhines, and rules the great Machine.

E'ER yet the Morn diſpels the fleeting Miſts,
The Signal giv'n by the loud Trumpet's Voice,
Now high in Air, th' Imperial Standard waves,
Emblazon'd rich with Gold, and glitt'ring Gems;
And like a Sheet of Fire, thro' the dun Gloom
Streaming Meteorous. The Soldier's Shouts,
And all the brazen Inſtruments of War,
With mutual Clamour, and united Din,
Fill the large Concave. While from Camp to Camp,
They catch the varied Sounds, floating in Air.
Round all the wide Circumference, Tygers fell,
Shrink at the Noiſe; deep in his gloomy Den
The Lion ſtarts, and Morſels yet unchew'd
Drop from his trembling Jaws. Now all at once
Onward they march embattl'd, to the Sound

Of martial Harmony; Fifes, Cornets, Drums,
That rouſe the ſleepy Soul to Arms, and bold
Heroic Deeds. In Parties here and there
Detach'd o'er Hill and Dale, the Hunters range
Inquiſitive; ſtrong Dogs that match in Fight
The boldeſt Brute, around their Maſters wait,
A faithful Guard. No Haunt unſearch'd, they drive
From ev'ry Covert, and from ev'ry Den,
The lurking Savages. Inceſſant Shouts
Re-echo thro' the Woods, and kindling Fires
Gleam from the Mountain Tops; the Foreſt ſeems
One mingling Blaze: Like Flocks of Sheep they fly
Before the flaming Brand: Fierce Lions, Pards,
Boars, Tygers, Bears, and Wolves; a dreadful Crew
Of grim blood-thirſty Foes, growling along,
They ſtalk indignant; but fierce Vengeance ſtill
Hangs pealing on their Rear, and pointed Spears
Preſent immediate Death. Soon as the Night
Wrapt in her ſable Veil forbids the Chaſe,
They pitch their Tents, in even Ranks, around
The circling Camp. The Guards are plac'd, and Fires
At proper Diſtances aſcending riſe,

And

And paint th' Horizon with their ruddy light.
So round ſome Iſland's Shore of large Extent,
Amid the gloomy Horrors of the Night,
The Billows breaking on the pointed Rocks,
Seem all one Flame, and the bright Circuit wide
Appears a Bulwark of ſurrounding Fire.
What dreadful Howlings, and what hideous Roar,
Diſturb thoſe peaceful Shades! where erſt the Bird
That glads the Night, had cheer'd the liſt'ning Groves
With ſweet Complainings. Thro' the ſilent Gloom
Oft they the Guards aſſail; as oft repell'd
They fly reluctant, with hot-boiling Rage
Stung to the Quick, and mad with wild Deſpair.
Thus Day by Day, they ſtill the Chaſe renew;
At Night encamp; 'till now in ſtraighter Bounds
The Circle leſſens, and the Beaſts perceive
The Wall that hems them in on ev'ry Side.
And now their Fury burſts, and knows no Mean;
From Man they turn, and point their ill-judg'd Rage
Againſt their fellow Brutes. With Teeth and Claws
The Civil War begins; grappling they tear,
Lions on Tygers prey, and Bears on Wolves:

Horrible Diſcord! 'Till the Crowd behind
Shouting purſue, and part the bloody Fray.
At once their Wrath ſubſides; tame as the Lamb
The Lion hangs his Head, the furious Pard,
Cow'd and ſubdu'd, flies from the Face of Man,
Nor bears one Glance of his commanding Eye.
So abject is a Tyrant in Diſtreſs.

At laſt within the narrow Plain confin'd,
A liſted Field, mark'd out for bloody Deeds,
An Amphitheatre more glorious far,
Than ancient *Rome* could boaſt, they crowd in heaps,
Diſmay'd, and quite appall'd. In meet Array
Sheath'd in refulgent Arms, a noble Band
Advance; great Lords of high Imperial Blood,
Early reſolv'd t'aſſert their Royal Race,
And prove by glorious Deeds their Valour's Growth
Mature, e'er yet the callow Down has ſpread
Its curling Shade. On bold *Arabian* Steeds
With decent Pride they ſit, that fearleſs hear
The Lion's dreadful Roar; and down the Rock
Swift-ſhooting plunge, or o'er the Mountain's Ridge

Stretching

Stretching along, the greedy Tyger leave
Panting behind. On Foot their faithful Slaves
With Jav'lins arm'd attend; each watchful Eye
Fix'd on his youthful Care, for him alone
He fears, and to redeem his Life, unmov'd
Wou'd loſe his own. The mighty *Aurengzebe*,
From this high-elevated Throne, beholds
His blooming Race; revolving in his Mind
What once he was, in his gay Spring of Life,
When Vigour ſtrung his Nerves. Parental Joy
Melts in his Eyes, and fluſhes in his Cheeks.
Now the loud Trumpet ſounds a Charge. The Shouts
Of eager Hoſts, thro' all the circling Line,
And the wild Howlings of the Beaſts within
Rend wide the Welkin, Flights of Arrows, wing'd
With Death, and Javelins lanc'd from ev'ry Arm,
Gall ſore the brutal Bands, with many a Wound
Gor'd thro', and thro'. Deſpair at laſt prevails,
When fainting Nature ſhrinks, and rouſes all
Their drooping Courage. Swell'd with furious Rage,
Their Eyes dart Fire; and on the youthful Band
They ruſh implacable. They their broad Shields

Quick

Quick interpoſe; on each devoted Head
Their flaming Falchions, as the Bolts of *Jove*,
Deſcend unerring. Proſtrate on the Ground
The grinning Monſters lie, and their foul Gore
Defiles the verdant Plain. Nor idle ſtand
The truſty Slaves; with pointed Spears they pierce
Thro' their tough Hides; or at their gaping Mouths
An eaſier Paſſage find. The King of Brutes
In broken Roarings breaths his laſt; the Bear
Grumbles in Death! nor can his ſpotted Skin,
Tho' ſlick it ſhine, with varied Beauties gay,
Save the proud Pard from unrelenting Fate.
The Battle bleeds, grim Slaughter ſtrides along,
Glutting her greedy Jaws, grins o'er her Prey.
Men, Horſes, Dogs, fierce Beaſts of ev'ry kind,
A ſtrange promiſcuous Carnage, drench'd in Blood,
And Heaps on Heaps amaſs'd: What yet remain
Alive, with vain Aſſault contend to break
Th 'impenetrable Line. Others, whom Fear
Inſpires with ſelf-preſerving Wiles, beneath
The Bodies of the Slain for Shelter creep.
Aghaſt they fly, or hide their Heads diſpers'd.

And now perchance (had Heav'n but pleas'd) the Work
Of Death had been complete; and *Aurengzebe*
By one dread Frown extinguiſh'd half their Race.
When lo! the bright Sultanas of his Court
Appear, and to his raviſh'd Eyes diſplay
Thoſe Charms, but rarely to the Day reveal'd.

LOWLY they bend, and humbly ſue, to ſave
The vanquiſh'd Hoſt. What Mortal can deny
When ſuppliant Beauty begs? At his Command
Op'ning to Right and Left, the well-train'd Troops
Leave a large Void for their retreating Foes.
Away they fly, on Wings of Fear upborn,
To ſeek on diſtant Hills their late Abodes.

YE proud Oppreſſors, whoſe vain Hearts exult
In Wantonneſs of Pow'r, 'gainſt the brute Race,
Fierce Robbers like yourſelves, a guiltleſs War
Wage uncontroll'd: Here quench your Thirſt of Blood;
But learn from *Aurengzebe* to ſpare Mankind.

The ARGUMENT of the Third Book.

OF King Edgar *and his impoſing a Tribute of Wolves Heads upon the Kings of* Wales: *From hence a Tranſition to Fox-Hunting, which is deſcribed in all its Parts. Cenſure of an Over-numerous Pack. Of the ſeveral Engines to deſtroy Foxes, and other Wild Beaſts. The Steel-Trap deſcribed, and the Manner of uſing it. Deſcription of the Pitfall for the Lion; and another for the Elephant. The ancient Way of Hunting the Tyger with a Mirror. The* Arabian *Manner of Hunting the Wild Boar. Deſcription of the Royal Stag-Chaſe at* Windſor *Foreſt: Concludes with an Addreſs to his Majeſty, and an Eulogy upon Mercy.*

BOOK the Third.

N *Albion*'s Iſle when glorious *Edgar* reign'd,
He wiſely provident, from her white Cliffs
unch'd half her Foreſts, and with num'rous Fleets
over'd his wide Domain: There proudly rode
rd of the Deep, the great Prerogative
Britiſh Monarchs. Each Invader bold,
ne and *Norwegian*, at a Diſtance gaz'd,
d diſappointed, gnaſh'd his Teeth in vain.
ſcour'd the Seas, and to remoteſt Shores
ith ſwelling Sails the trembling Corſair fled.
ch Commerce flouriſh'd; and with buſy Oars
ſh'd the reſounding Surge. Nor leſs at Land
s royal Cares; wiſe, potent, gracious Prince!
s Subjects from their cruel Foes he ſav'd,

And from rapacious Savages their Flocks.
Cambria's proud Kings (tho' with Reluctance) paid
Their tributary Wolves; Head after Head,
In full Account, 'till the Woods yield no more,
And all the rav'nous Race extinct is loſt.
In fertile Paſtures, more ſecurely graz'd
The ſocial Troops; and ſoon their large Increaſe
With curling Fleeces whiten'd all the Plains.
But yet alas! the wily Fox remain'd,
A ſubtle, pilf'ring Foe, proling around
In Midnight Shades, and wakeful to deſtroy.
In the full Fold, the poor defenceleſs Lamb,
Seiz'd by his guileful Arts, with ſweet warm Blood
Supplies a rich Repaſt. The mournful Ewe,
Her deareſt Treaſure loſt, thro' the dun Night
Wanders perplex'd, and darkling bleats in vain:
While in th' adjacent Buſh, poor *Philomel*,
(Herſelf a Parent once, 'till wanton Churls
Deſpoil'd her Neſt) joins in her loud Laments,
With ſweeter Notes, and more melodious Woe.

For theſe nocturnal Thieves, Huntſman, prepare
Thy ſharpeſt Vengeance. Oh! how glorious 'tis
To right th'oppreſs'd, and bring the Felon vile
To juſt Diſgrace! Ere yet the Morning peep,
Or Stars retire from the firſt Bluſh of Day,
With thy far-echoing Voice alarm thy Pack,
And rouſe thy bold Compeers. Then to the Copſe,
Thick with entangling Graſs, or prickly Furze
With Silence lead thy many-colour'd Hounds,
In all their Beauty's Pride. See! how they range
Diſpers'd, how buſily this Way and that,
They croſs, examining with curious Noſe
Each likely Haunt. Hark! on the Drag I hear
Their doubtful Notes, preluding to a Cry
More nobly full, and ſwell'd with ev'ry Mouth.
As ſtraggling Armies, at the Trumpet's Voice,
Preſs to their Standard; hither all repair,
And hurry thro' the Woods; with haſty Step
Ruſtling, and full of Hope; now driv'n on Heaps
They puſh, they ſtrive: While from his Kennel ſneaks
The conſcious Villain. See! he ſkulks along,

Slick at the Shepherd's Coſt, and plump with Meal
Purloin'd. So thrive the Wicked here below.
Tho' high his Bruſh he bear, tho' tipt with white
It gaily ſhine; yet ere the Sun declin'd
Recall the Shades of Night, the pamper'd Rogue
Shall rue his Fate revers'd; and at his Heels
Behold the juſt Avenger, ſwift to ſeize
His forfeit Head, and thirſting for his Blood.

HEAV'NS! what melodious Strains! how beat our Hear
Big with tumultuous Joy! the loaded Gales
Breath Harmony; and as the Tempeſt drives
From Wood to Wood, thro' ev'ry dark Receſs
The Foreſt thunders, and the Mountains ſhake.
The Chorus ſwells; leſs various, and leſs ſweet
The trilling Notes, when in thoſe very Groves,
The feather'd Choriſters ſalute the Spring,
And ev'ry Buſh in Conſort joins; or when
The Maſter's Hand, in modulated Air,
Bids the loud Organ breath, and all the Pow'rs
Of Muſic in one Inſtrument combine,
An univerſal Minſtrelſy. And now

In vain each Earth he tries, the Doors are barr'd
Impregnable; nor is the Covert ſafe;
He pants for purer Air. Hark! what loud Shouts
Re-echo thro' the Groves! he breaks away,
Shrill Horns proclaim his Flight. Each ſtraggling Hound
Strains o'er the Lawn to reach the diſtant Pack.
'Tis Triumph all and Joy. Now, my brave Youths,
Now give a Looſe to the clean gen'rous Steed;
Flouriſh the Whip, nor ſpare the galling Spur;
But in the Madneſs of Delight, forget
Your Fears. Far o'er the rocky Hills we range,
And dangerous our Courſe; but in the Brave,
True Courage never fails. In vain the Stream
In foaming Eddies whirls; in vain the Ditch
Wide-gaping threatens Death. The craggy Steep,
Where the poor dizzy Shepherd crawls with Care,
And clings to ev'ry Twig, gives us no Pain;
But down we ſweep, as ſtoops the Falcon bold
To pounce his Prey. Then up th' opponent Hill,
By the ſwift Motion flung, we mount aloft.
So Ships in Winter-Seas now ſliding ſink

Adown the ſteepy Wave; then toſs'd on high
Ride on the Billows, and defy the Storm.

WHAT Lengths we paſs! where will the wand'ring Chaſe
Lead us bewilder'd! ſmooth as Swallows ſkim
The new-ſhorn Mead, and far more ſwift we fly.
See my brave Pack! how to the Head they preſs,
Juſtling in cloſe Array, then more diffuſe
Obliquely wheel, while from their op'ning Mouths
The vollied Thunder breaks. So when the Cranes
Their annual Voyage ſteer, with wanton Wing
Their Figure oft they change, and their loud Clang
From Cloud to Cloud rebounds. How far behind
The Hunter-Crew, wide-ſtraggling o'er the Plain!
The panting Courſer now with trembling Nerves
Begins to reel; urg'd by the goring Spur,
Makes many a faint Effort: He ſnorts, he foams;
The big round Drops run trickling down his Sides,
With Sweat and Blood diſtain'd. Look back and view
The ſtrange Confuſion of the Vale below,
Where ſour Vexation reigns; ſee, yon poor Jade,
In vain th'impatient Rider frets and ſwears

With

With galling Spurs harrows his mangled Sides;
He can no more: His ſtiff unpliant Limbs
Rooted in Earth, unmov'd, and fix'd he ſtands,
For ev'ry cruel Curſe returns a Groan,
And ſobs, and faints, and dies. Who without Grief
Can view that pamper'd Steed, his Maſter's Joy,
His Minion, and his daily Care, well cloth'd,
Well-fed with ev'ry nicer Cate; no Coſt,
No Labour ſpar'd; who, when the flying Chaſe
Broke from the Copſe, without a Rival led
The num'rous Train: Now a ſad Spectacle
Of Pride brought low, and humbled Inſolence,
Drove like a pannier'd Aſs, and ſcourg'd along.
While theſe with looſen'd Reins, and dangling Heels,
Hang on their reeling Palfreys, that ſcarce bear
Their Weights; another in the treach'rous Bog
Lies flound'ring halfingulph'd. What biting Thoughts
Torment th' abandon'd Crew! old Age laments
His Vigour ſpent: The tall, plump, brawny Youth
Curſes his cumb'rous Bulk; and envies now
The ſhort Pygmean Race, he whilom kenn'd
With proud inſulting Leer. A choſen few

Alone the Sport enjoy, nor droop beneath
Their pleaſing Toils. Here, Huntſman, from this Height
Obſerve yon Birds of Prey; if I can judge,
'Tis there the Villain lurks; they hover round
And claim him as their own. Was I not right?
See! there he creeps along; his Bruſh he drags,
And ſweeps the Mire impure; from his wide Jaws
His Tongue unmoiſten'd hangs; Symptoms too ſure
Of ſudden Death. Hah! yet he flies, nor yields
To black Deſpair. But one Looſe more, and all
His Wiles are vain. Hark! thro' yon Village now
The rattling Clamour rings. The Barns, the Cots
And leafleſs Elms return the joyous Sounds.
Thro' ev'ry Homeſtall, and thro' ev'ry Yard,
His midnight Walks, panting, forlorn, he flies;
Thro' ev'ry Hole he ſneaks, thro' ev'ry Jakes
Plunging he wades beſmear'd, and fondly hopes
In a ſuperior Stench to loſe his own:
But faithful to the Track, th' unerring Hounds
With Peals of echoing Vengeance cloſe purſue.
And now diſtreſs'd, no ſhelt'ring Covert near
Into the Hen-rooſt creeps, whoſe Walls with Gore

Diſtain'

Diſtain'd atteſt his Guilt. There, Villain, there
Expect thy Fate deſerv'd. And ſoon from thence
The Pack inquiſitive, with Clamour loud,
Drag out their trembling Prize: and on his Blood
With greedy Tranſport feaſt. In bolder Notes
Each ſounding Horn proclaims the Felon dead:
And all th' aſſembled Village ſhouts for Joy.
The Farmer who beholds his mortal Foe
Stretch'd at his Feet, applauds the glorious Deed,
And grateful calls us to a ſhort Repaſt:
In the full Glaſs the liquid Amber ſmiles,
Our native Product. And his good old Mate
With choiceſt Viands, heaps the lib'ral Board,
To crown our Triumphs, and reward our Toils.

Here muſt th' inſtructive Muſe (but with Reſpect)
Cenſure that num'rous Pack, that Croud of State,
With which the vain Profuſion of the Great
Covers the Lawn, and ſhakes the trembling Copſe.
Pompous Incumbrance! A Magnificence
Uſeleſs, vexatious! For the wily Fox,
Safe in th' increaſing Number of his Foes,

Kens well the great Advantage: Slinks behind
And ſlyly creeps thro' the ſame beaten Track,
And hunts them Step by Step; then views eſcap'd,
With inward Ecſtaſy, the panting Throng
In their own Footſteps puzzled, foil'd, and loſt.
So when proud *Eaſtern* Kings, ſummon to Arms
Their gaudy Legions, from far diſtant Climes
They flock in Crouds, unpeopling half a World:
But when the Day of Battle calls them forth
To charge the well-train'd Foe, a Band compact
Of choſen Vet'ranes; they preſs blindly on,
In Heaps confus'd, by their own Weapons fall
A ſmoking Carnage ſcatter'd o'er the Plain.

NOR Hounds alone this noxious Brood deſtroy:
The plunder'd Warrener full many a Wile
Deviſes to entrap his greedy Foe,
Fat with nocturnal Spoils. At Cloſe of Day,
With Silence drags his Trail; then from the Ground
Pares thin the cloſe-graz'd Turf, there with nice Hand
Covers the latent Death, with curious Springs
Prepar'd to fly at once, whene'er the Tread

Of

Of Man or Beaſt, unwarily ſhall preſs
The yielding Surface. By th'indented Steel
With Gripe tenacious held, the Felon grins,
And ſtruggles, but in vain: Yet oft 'tis known,
When ev'ry Art has fail'd, the captive Fox
Has ſhar'd the wounded Joint, and with a Limb
Compounded for his Life. But if perchance
In the deep Pitfall plung'd there's no eſcape;
But unrepriev'd he dies, and bleach'd in Air
The Jeſt of Clowns, his reeking Carcaſs hangs.

Of theſe are various Kinds; not ev'n the King
Of Brutes evades this deep devouring Grave:
But by the wily *African* betray'd,
Heedleſs of Fate, within its gaping Jaws
Expires indignant. When the orient Beam
With Bluſhes paints the Dawn; and all the Race
Carnivorous, with Blood full-gorg'd, retire
Into their darkſome Cells, there ſatiate ſnore
O'er dripping Offals, and the mangled Limbs
Of Men and Beaſts; the painful Foreſter
Climbs the high Hills, whoſe proud aſpiring Tops,

With the tall Cedar crown'd, and taper Fir,
Aſſail the Clouds. There 'mong the craggy Rocks,
And Thickets intricate, trembling he views
His Footſteps in the Sand; the diſmal Road
And Avenue to Death. Hither he calls
His watchful Bands; and low into the Ground
A Pit they ſink, full many a Fathom deep.
Then in the midſt a Column high is rear'd,
The Butt of ſome fair Tree; upon whoſe Top
A Lamb is plac'd, juſt raviſh'd from his Dam.
And next a Wall they build, with Stones and Earth
Encircling round, and hiding from all View
The dreadful Precipice. Now when the Shades
Of Night hang low'ring o'er the Mountain's Brow;
And Hunger keen, and pungent Thirſt of Blood,
Rouze up the ſlothful Beaſt, he ſhakes his Sides,
Slow-riſing from his Lair, and ſtretches wide
His rav'nous Paws, with recent Gore diſtain'd.
The Foreſts tremble, as he roars aloud,
Impatient to deſtroy. O'erjoy'd he hears
The bleating Innocent, that claims in vain
The Shepherd's Care, and ſeeks with piteous Moan

The

The foodful Teat; himſelf, alas! deſign'd
Another's Meal. For now the greedy Brute
Winds him from far; and leaping o'er the Mound
To ſeize his trembling Prey, headlong is plung'd
Into the deep Abyſs. Proſtrate he lies
Aſtunn'd and Impotent. Ah! what avail
Thine Eye-balls flaſhing Fire, thy Length of Tail,
That laſhes thy broad Sides, thy Jaws beſmear'd
With Blood and Offals crude, thy ſhaggy Main
The Terror of the Woods, thy ſtately Port,
And Bulk enormous, ſince by Stratagem
Thy Strength is foil'd? Unequal is the Strife,
When ſov'reign Reaſon combats brutal Rage.

On diſtant *Ethiopia*'s Sun burnt Coaſts,
The black Inhabitants a Pitfall frame,
But of a diff'rent Kind, and diff'rent Uſe.
With ſlender Poles the wide capacious Mouth,
And Hurdles ſlight, they cloſe; o'er theſe is ſpread
A Floor of verdant Turf, with all its Flow'rs
Smiling deluſive, and from ſtricteſt Search
Concealing the deep Grave, that yawns below.

Then

Then Boughs of Trees they cut, with tempting Fruit
Of various Kinds ſurcharg'd; the downy Peach,
The cluſt'ring Vine, and of bright golden Rind
The fragrant Orange. Soon as Ev'ning grey
Advances ſlow, beſprinkling all around
With kind refreſhing Dews, the thirſty Glebe,
The ſtately Elephant from the cloſe Shade
With Step majeſtic ſtrides, eager to taſte
The cooler Breeze, that from the Sea-beat Shore
Delightful breaths, or in the limpid Stream
To lave his panting Sides; joyous he ſcents
The rich Repaſt, unweeting of the Death
That lurks within. And ſoon he ſporting breaks
The brittle Boughs, and greedily devours
The Fruit delicious. Ah! too dearly bought;
The Price his Life. For now the treach'rous Turf
Trembling gives way; and the unweildly Beaſt
Self-ſinking, drops into the dark Profound.
So when dilated Vapours, ſtruggling heave
Th' incumbent Earth; if Chance the cavern'd Ground
Shrinking ſubſide, and the thin Surface yield,
Down ſinks at once the pond'rous Dome, ingulph'd

With

With all its Tow'rs. Subtle, deluſive Man!
How various are thy Wiles! Artful to kill
Thy ſavage Foes, a dull unthinking Race.
Fierce from his Lair, ſprings forth the ſpeckled Pard,
Thirſting for Blood, and eager to deſtroy;
The Huntſman flies, but to his Flight alone
Confides not: At convenient Diſtance fix'd,
A poliſh'd Mirror, ſtops in full Career
The furious Brute: He there his Image views;
Spots againſt Spots with Rage improving glow;
Another Pard his briſtly Whiſkers curls,
Grins as he grins, fierce-menacing, and wide
Diſtends his op'ning Paws; himſelf againſt
Himſelf oppos'd, and with dread Vengeance arm'd.
The Huntſman now ſecure, with fatal Aim
Directs the pointed Spear, by which transfix'd
He dies, and with him dies the rival Shade.
Thus Man innum'rous Engines forms, t' aſſail
The Savage Kind: But moſt the docile Horſe,
Swift and confederate with Man, annoys
His Brethren of the Plains; without whoſe Aid
The Hunters Arts were vain, unſkill'd to wage

With the more active Brutes, an equal War.
But borne by him, without the well-train'd Pack,
Man dares his Foe, on Wings of Winds ſecure.

HIM the fierce *Arab* mounts, and with his Troop
Of bold Compeers, ranges the Deſerts wild.
Where by the Magnet's Aid, the Traveller
Steers his untrodden Courſe; yet oft on Land
Is wreck'd in the high-rolling Waves of Sand
Immerſt and loſt. While theſe intrepid Bands,
Safe in their Horſe's Speed, out-fly the Storm,
And ſcouring round, make Men and Beaſts their Prey.
The griſly Boar is ſingled from his Herd,
As large as that in *Erimanthian* Woods,
A Match for *Hercules*. Round him they fly
In Circles wide; and each in paſſing ſends
His feather'd Death into his brawny Sides.
But perillous th' Attempt. For if the Steed
Haply too near Approach; or the looſe Earth
His Footing fail; the watchful angry Beaſt
Th' Advantage ſpies; and at one ſidelong Glance
Rips up his Groin. Wounded, he rears aloft,

And

And plunging, from his Back the Rider hurls
Precipitant; then bleeding ſpurns the Ground,
And drags his reeking Entrails o'er the Plain.
Mean While the ſurly Monſter trots along,
But with unequal Speed; for ſtill they wound,
Swift-wheeling in the ſpacious Ring. A Wood
Of Darts upon his Back he bears; adown
His tortur'd Sides, the Crimſon Torrents roll
From many a gaping Font. And now at laſt
Stagg'ring he falls, in Blood and Foam expires.

But whither roves my devious Muſe, intent
On antique Tales? while yet the royal Stag
Unſung remains. Tread with reſpectful Awe
Windſor's green Glades; where *Denham*, tuneful Bard,
Charm'd once the liſt'ning Dryads, with his Song
Sublimely ſweet. O! grant me, ſacred Shade,
To glean ſubmiſs what thy full Sickle leaves.

The Morning Sun that gilds with trembling Rays
Windſor's high Tow'rs, beholds the courtly Train
Mount for the Chaſe, nor views in all his Courſe

A Scene ſo gay: heroic, noble Youths,
In Arts, and Arms renown'd, and lovely Nymphs
The faireſt of this Iſle, where Beauty dwells
Delighted, and deſerts her *Paphian* Grove
For our more favour'd Shades: In proud Parade
Theſe ſhine magnificent, and preſs around
The Royal happy Pair. Great in themſelves,
They ſmile ſuperior; of external Show
Regardleſs, while their inbred Virtues give
A Luſtre to their Pow'r, and grace their Court
With real Splendors, far above the Pomp
Of eaſtern Kings, in all their tinſel Pride.
Like Troops of Amazons, the Female Band
Prance round their Cars, not in refulgent Arms
As thoſe of old; unſkill'd to wield the Sword,
Or bend the Bow, theſe kill with ſurer Aim.
The royal Offspring, faireſt of the Fair,
Lead on the ſplendid Train. *Anna* more bright
Than Summer Suns, or as the Lightning keen,
With irreſiſtible Effulgence arm'd,
Fires ev'ry Heart. He muſt be more than Man,
Who unconcern'd can bear the piercing Ray.

Amelia,

nelia, milder than the bluſhing Dawn,
'ith ſweet engaging Air, but equal Pow'r
ıſenſibly ſubdues, and in ſoft Chains
er willing Captives leads. Illuſtrious Maids;
/er triumphant! whoſe victorious Charms,
'ithout the needleſs Aid of high Deſcent
ad aw'd Mankind, and taught the World's great Lords
ɔ bow and ſue for Grace. But who is he
eſh as a Roſe-bud newly blown, and fair
s op'ning Lillies? on whom ev'ry Eye
'ith Joy and Admiration dwells. See, ſee,
e reins his docile Barb with manly Grace.
it *Adonis* for the Chaſe array'd?
r *Britain*'s ſecond Hope? Hail, blooming Youth!
:ay all your Virtues with your Years improve,
'ill in conſummate Worth, you ſhine the Pride
f theſe our Days, and to ſucceeding Times
bright Example. As his Guard of Mutes
n the great Sultan wait, with Eyes deject
nd fix'd on Earth, no Voice, no Sound is heard
/ithin the wide Serail, but all is huſh'd,
nd awful Silence reigns; thus ſtand the Pack

Mute and unmov'd, and cow'ring low to Earth,
While paſs the glitt'ring Court, and royal Pair:
So diſciplin'd thoſe Hounds, and ſo reſerv'd,
Whoſe Honour 'tis to glad the Hearts of Kings.
But ſoon the winding Horn, and Huntſman's Voice,
Let-looſe the gen'ral Chorus; far around
Joy ſpreads its Wings, and the gay Morning ſmiles.

UNHARBOUR'D now the royal Stag forſakes
His wonted Lair; he ſhakes his dappled Sides,
And toſſes high his beamy Head, the Copſe
Beneath his Antlers bends. What doubling Shifts
He tries! not more the wily Hare; in theſe
Would ſtill perſiſt, did not the full-mouth'd Pack
With dreadful Conſort thunder in his Rear.
The Woods reply, the Hunter's cheering Shouts
Float thro' the Glades, and the wide Foreſt rings.
How merrily they chant! their Noſtrils deep
Inhale the grateful Steam. Such is the Cry,
And ſuch th'harmonious Din, the Soldier deems
The Battle kindling, and the Stateſman grave
Forgets his weighty Cares; each Age, each Sex

In

In the wild Tranſport joins; luxuriant Joy,
And Pleaſure in Exceſs, ſparkling exult
On ev'ry Brow, and revel unreſtrain'd.
How happy art thou Man, when thou'rt no more
Thyſelf! when all the Pangs that grind thy Soul,
In Rapture and ſweet Oblivion loſt,
Yield a ſhort Interval, and Eaſe from Pain.

See the ſwift Courſer ſtrains, his ſhining Hoofs
Securely beat the ſolid Ground. Who now
The dang'rous Pitfall fears, with tangling Heath
High-overgrown? Or who the quiv'ring Bog
Soft-yielding to the Step? All now is plain,
Plain as the Strand Sea-lav'd, that ſtretches far
Beneath the rocky Shore. Glades croſſing Glades
The Foreſt opens to our wond'ring View:
Such was the King's Command. Let Tyrants fierce
May waſte the World; his the more glorious Part
To check their Pride; and when the brazen Voice
Of War is huſh'd, (as erſt victorious *Rome*)
Employ his ſtation'd Legions in the Works
Of Peace; to ſmooth the rugged Wilderneſs.

To drain the ſtagnate Fen, to raiſe the ſlope
Depending Road, and to make gay the Face
Of Nature, with th'embelliſhments of Art.

How melts my beating Heart! as I behold
Each lovely Nymph our Iſland's Boaſt and Pride,
Puſh on th'gen'rous Steed, that ſtrokes along
O'er rough, o'er ſmooth, nor heeds the ſteepy Hill,
Nor faulters in th' extended Vale below;
Their Garments looſely waving in the Wind,
And all the Fluſh of Beauty in their Cheeks.
While at their Sides their penſive Lovers wait,
Direct their dubious Courſe; now chill'd with Fear
Solicitous, and now with Love inflam'd.
O! grant, indulgent Heav'n, no riſing Storm
May darken with black Wings, this glorious Scene!
Shou'd ſome malignant Pow'r thus damp our Joys,
Vain were the gloomy Cave, ſuch as of old
Betray'd to lawleſs love the *Tyrian* Queen.
For *Britain*'s virtuous Nymphs are chaſte as fair,
Spotleſs, unblam'd, with equal Triumph reign
In the dun Gloom, as in the Blaze of Day.

Now

Now the blown Stag, thro' Woods, Bogs, Roads, and (Streams
Has meaſur'd half the Foreſt; but alas!
He flies in vain, he flies not from his Fears.
Tho' far he caſt the ling'ring Pack behind,
His haggard Fancy ſtill with Horror views
The fell Deſtroyer; ſtill the fatal Cry
Inſults his Ears, and wounds his trembling Heart.
So the poor fury-haunted Wretch (his Hands
In guiltleſs Blood diſtain'd.) Still ſeems to hear
The dying Shrieks; and the pale threat'ning Ghoſt
Moves as he moves, and as he flies, purſues.
See here his Slot; up yon green Hill he climbs,
Pants on his Brow awhile, ſadly looks back
On his Purſuers, cov'ring all the Plain;
But wrung with Anguiſh, bears not long the Sight
Shoots down the Steep, and ſweats along the Vale:
There mingles with the Herd, where once he reign'd
Proud Monarch of the Groves, whoſe claſhing Beam
His Rivals aw'd, and whoſe exalted Pow'r
Was ſtill rewarded with ſucceſsful Love.
But the baſe Herd, have learn'd the Ways of Men,

Averſe they fly, or with rebellious Aim
Chaſe him from thence: needleſs their impious Deed,
The Huntſman knows him by a thouſand Marks,
Black, and Imboſt; nor are his Hounds deceiv'd;
Too well diſtinguiſh'd theſe, and never leave
Their once devoted Foe; familiar grows
His Scent, and ſtrong their Appetite to kill.
Again he flies, and with redoubled Speed
Skims o'er the Lawn; ſtill the tenacious Crew
Hang on the Track, aloud demand their Prey
And puſh him many a League. If haply then
Too far eſcap'd, and the gay courtly Train
Behind are caſt, the Huntſman's clanging Whip
Stops full their bold Career; paſſive they ſtand,
Unmov'd, an humble, an obſequious Crowd,
As if by ſtern *Meduſa* gaz'd to Stones.
So at their Gen'ral's Voice whole Armies halt
In full Purſuit, and check their Thirſt of Blood.
Soon at the King's Command, like haſty Streams
Damm'd up a While, they foam, and pour along
With freſh recruited Might. The Stag, who hop'd
His Foes were loſt, now once more hears aſtunn'd

The

The dreadful Din; he ſhivers ev'ry Limb,
He ſtarts, he bounds; each Buſh preſents a Foe.
Preſs'd by the freſh Relay, no Pauſe allow'd,
Breathleſs, and faint, he faulters in his Pace,
And lifts his weary Limbs with Pain, that ſcarce
Suſtain their Load; he pants, he ſobs appall'd;
Drops down his heavy Head to Earth, beneath
His cumb'rous Beams oppreſs'd. But if perchance
Some prying Eye ſurprize him; ſoon he rears
Erect his tow'ring Front, bounds o'er the Lawn
With ill-diſſembled Vigour, to amuſe
The knowing Foreſter; who inly ſmiles
At his weak ſhifts, and unavailing Frauds.
So Midnight Tapers waſte their laſt Remains,
Shine forth a While, and as they blaze expire.
From Wood to Wood redoubling Thunders roll,
And bellow thro' the Vales; the moving Storm
Thickens amain, and loud triumphant Shouts,
And Horns ſhrill-warbling in each Glade, prelude
To his approaching Fate. And now in view
With hobbling Gait, and high, exerts amaz'd
What Strength is left: To the laſt Dregs of Life

Reduc'd

Reduc'd, his Spirits fail, on ev'ry Side
Hemm'd in, beſieg'd; not the leaſt Op'ning left
To gleaming Hope, th' Unhappy's laſt Reſerve.
Where ſhall he turn? Or whither fly? Deſpair
Gives Courage to the Weak. Reſolv'd to die,
He fears no more, but ruſhes on his Foes,
And deals his Deaths around; beneath his Feet
Theſe grovelling lie, thoſe by his Antlers gor'd
Defile th' enſanguin'd Plain. Ah! ſee diſtreſs'd
He ſtands at Bay againſt yon knotty Trunk,
That covers well his Rear, his Front preſents
An Hoſt of Foes. O! ſhun, ye noble Train,
The rude Encounter, and believe your Lives
Your Country's Due alone. As now aloof
They wing around, he finds his Soul uprais'd,
To dare ſome great Exploit; he charges home
Upon the broken Pack, that on each Side
Fly diverſe; then as o'er the Turf he ſtrains,
He vents the cooling Stream, and up the Breeze
Urges his Courſe with eager Violence:
Then takes the Soil, and plunges in the Flood
Precipitant; down the Mid-Stream he wafts

Along,

Along, 'till (like a Ship diſtreſs'd, that runs
Into ſome winding Creek) cloſe to the Verge
Of a ſmall Iſland, for his weary Feet
Sure Anchorage he finds, there ſkulks immers'd.
His Noſe alone above the Wave, draws in
The vital Air; all elſe beneath the Flood
Conceal'd, and loſt, deceives each prying Eye
Of Man or Brute. In vain the crowding Pack
Draw on the Margin of the Stream, or cut
The liquid Wave with oary Feet, that move
In equal Time. The gliding Waters leave
No Trace behind, and his contracted Pores
But ſparingly perſpire: the Huntſman ſtrains
His lab'ring Lungs, and puffs his Cheeks in vain:
At length a Blood-hound bold, ſtudious to kill,
And exquiſite of Senſe, winds him from far;
Headlong he leaps into the Flood, his Mouth
Loud-op'ning ſpends amain, and his wide Throat
Swells ev'ry Note with Joy; then fearleſs dives
Beneath the Wave, hangs on his Hanch, and wounds
Th' unhappy Brute, that flounders in the Stream,
Sorely diſtreſs'd, and ſtruggling ſtrives to mount

The ſteepy Shore. Haply once more eſcap'd;
Again he ſtands at Bay, amid the Groves
Of Willows, bending low their downy Heads.
Outragious Tranſport fires the greedy Pack;
Theſe ſwim the deep, and thoſe crawl up with Pain
The ſlipp'ry Bank, while others on firm Land
Engage, the Stag repells each bold Aſſault,
Maintains his Poſt, and Wounds for Wounds returns.
As when ſome wily Corſair boards a Ship
Full-freighted, or from *Afric*'s golden Coaſts,
Or *India*'s wealthy Strand, his bloody Crew
Upon her Deck he flings; theſe in the Deep
Drop ſhort, and ſwim to reach her ſteepy Sides,
And clinging climb aloft; while thoſe on Board
Urge on the Work of Fate; the Maſter bold
Preſs'd to his laſt Retreat; bravely reſolves
To ſink his Wealth beneath the whelming Wave,
His Wealth, his Foes, nor unreveng'd to die.
So fares it with the Stag: So he reſolves
To plunge at once into the Flood below,
Himſelf, his Foes in one deep Gulph immers'd.
Ere yet he executes this dire Intent,

In wild Diſorder once more views the Light;
Beneath a Weight of Woe, he groans diſtreſs'd:
The Tears run trickling down his hairy Cheeks;
He weeps, nor weeps in vain. The King beholds
His wretched Plight, and Tenderneſs innate
Moves his great Soul. Soon at his high Command
Rebuk'd, the diſappointed, hungry Pack
Retire ſubmiſs, and grumbling quit their Prey.

GREAT Prince! from thee, what may thy Subjects hope;
So kind, and yet ſo benificent to Brutes?
O Mercy, heav'nly born! Sweet Attribute!
Thou great, thou beſt Prerogative of Pow'r!
Juſtice may guard the Throne, but join'd with thee,
On Rocks of Adamant it ſtands ſecure,
And braves the Storm beneath; ſoon as thy Smiles
Gild the rough Deep, the foaming Waves ſubſide,
And all the noiſy Tumult ſinks in Peace.

The ARGUMENT of the Fourth Book.

OF the Neceſſity of deſtroying ſome Beaſts, and preſerving others for the Uſe of Man. Of breeding of Hounds; the Seaſon for this Buſineſs. The Choice of the Dog, of great Moment. Of the Litter of Whelps. Of the Number to be rear'd. Of ſetting them out to their ſeveral Walks. Care to be taken to prevent their Hunting too ſoon. Of entring the Whelps. Of breaking them from running at Sheep. Of the Diſeaſes of Hounds. Of their Age. Of Madneſs; two Sorts of it deſcribed, the Dumb, and outragious Madneſs: Its dreadful Effects. Burning of the Wound recommended as preventing all ill Conſequences. The infectious Hounds to be ſeparated, and fed apart. The Vanity of truſting to the many infallible Cures for this Malady. The diſmal Effects of the Biting of a Mad Dog, upon Man deſcribed. Deſcription of the Otter Hunting. The Concluſion.

BOOK the Fourth.

WHATE'ER of Earth is form'd, to Earth returns
Diſſolv'd: the various Objects we behold,
Plants, Animals, this whole material Maſs,
Are ever changing, ever new. The Soul
Of Man alone, that Particle divine
Eſcapes the Wreck of Worlds, when all Things fail.
Hence great the Diſtance 'twixt the Beaſts that periſh,
And God's bright Image, Man's immortal Race.
The Brute Creation are his Property,
Subſervient to his Will, and for him made.
As hurtful theſe he kills, as uſeful thoſe
Preſerves; their ſole and arbitrary King.
Shou'd he not kill, as erſt the *Samian* Sage
Taught unadvis'd, and *Indian* Brachmans now
As vainly preach; the teeming rav'nous Brutes

Might

Might fill the ſcanty Space of this Terrene,
Incumb'ring all the Globe: Shou'd not his Care
Improve his growing Stock, their Kinds might fail,
Man might once more on Roots, and Acorns feed,
And thro' the Deſerts range, ſhiv'ring, forlorn,
Quite deſtitute of ev'ry Solace dear,
And ev'ry ſmiling Gaiety of Life.

THE prudent Huntſman therefore will ſupply
With annual large Recruits, his broken Pack,
And propagate their Kind. As from the Root
Freſh Scions ſtill ſpring forth, and daily yield
New blooming Honours to the Parent-Tree.
Far ſhall his Pack be fam'd, far ſought his Breed,
And Princes at their Tables feaſt thoſe Hounds
His Hand preſents, an acceptable Boon.

ERE yet the Sun thro' the bright Ram has urg'd
His ſteepy Courſe, or Mother Earth unbound
Her frozen Boſom to the *Weſtern* Gale;
When feather'd Troops, their ſocial Leagues diſſolv'd,
Select their Mates, and on the leafleſs Elm

The

The noiſy Rook builds high her wicker Neſt;
Mark well the wanton Females of thy Pack,
That curl their taper Tails, and friſking court
Their pyebald Mates enamour'd; their red Eyes
Flaſh Fires impure; nor Reſt, nor Food they take,
Goaded by furious Love. In ſep'rate Cells
Confine them now, leſt bloody Civil Wars
Annoy thy peaceful State. If left at large,
The growling Rivals in dread Battle join,
And rude Encounter. On *Scamander*'s Streams
Heroes of old with far leſs Fury fought,
For the bright *Spartan* Dame, their Valour's Prize.
Mangled and torn thy fav'rite Hounds ſhall lie,
Stretch'd on the Ground; thy Kennel ſhall appear
A Field of Blood: Like ſome unhappy Town
In Civil Broils confus'd, while Diſcord ſhakes
Her bloody Scourge aloft, fierce Parties Rage,
Staining their impious Hands in mutual Death.
And ſtill the beſt belov'd, and braveſt fall:
Such are the dire Effects of lawleſs Love.

HUNTSMAN! theſe Ills by timely prudent Care
Prevent: For ev'ry longing Dame ſelect
Some happy Paramour; to him alone
In Leagues connubial join. Conſider well
His Lineage; what his Fathers did of old,
Chiefs of the Pack, and firſt to climb the Rock,
Or plunge into the Deep, or thread the Brake
With Thorns ſharp-pointed, plaſh'd, and Briars inwove
Obſerve with Care his Shape, Sort, Colour, Size.
Nor will ſagacious Huntſmen leſs regard
His inward Habits; the vain Babbler ſhun,
Ever loquacious, ever in the wrong.
His fooliſh Offspring ſhall offend thy Ears
With falſe Alarms, and loud Impertinence.
Nor leſs the ſhifting Cur avoid, that breaks
Illuſive from the Pack; to the next Hedge
Devious he ſtrays, there ev'ry Muſe he tries,
If haply then he croſs the ſteaming Scent,
Away he flies vain glorious; and exults
As of the Pack ſupreme, and in his Speed
And Strength unrivall'd. Lo! caſt far behind

His vex'd Aſſociates pant, and lab'ring ſtrain
To climb the ſteep Aſcent. Soon as they reach
Th'inſulting Boaſter, his falſe Courage fails,
Behind he lags, doom'd to the fatal Nooſe,
His Maſter's Hate, and Scorn of all the Field.
What can from ſuch be hop'd, but a baſe Brood
Of Coward Curs, a frantic, vagrant Race?

When now the third revolving Moon appears,
With ſharpen'd Horns, above th'Horizon's Brink;
Without *Lucina*'s Aid, expect thy Hopes
Are amply crown'd; ſhort Pangs produce to Light
The ſmoking Litter, crawling, helpleſs, blind,
Nature their Guide, they ſeek the pouting Teat,
That plenteous ſtreams. Soon as the tender Dam
Has form'd them with her Tongue, with Pleaſure view
The Marks of their renown'd Progenitors,
Sure Pledge of Triumphs yet to come. All theſe
Select with Joy; but to the merc'leſs Flood
Expoſe the dwindling Refuſe, nor o'erload
Th' indulgent Mother. If thy Heart relent,
Unwilling to deſtroy, a Nurſe provide,

And to the Foſter-Parent give the Care
Of thy ſuperfluous Brood; ſhe'll cheriſh kind
The Alien Offspring; pleas'd thou ſhalt behold
Her Tenderneſs, and hoſpitable Love.

If frolic now, and play-full they deſert
Their gloomy Cell, and on the verdant Turf
With Nerves improv'd, purſue the mimic Chaſe,
Courſing around; unto thy choiceſt Friends
Commit thy valu'd Prize: The ruſtic Dames
Shall at thy Kennel wait, and in their Laps
Receive thy growing Hopes, with many a Kiſs
Careſs, and dignify their little Charge
With ſome great Title, and reſounding Name
Of high Import. But cautious here obſerve
To check their youthful Ardour, nor permit
The unexperienc'd Younker, immature,
Alone to range the Woods, or haunt the Brakes
Where dodging Conies ſport: His Nerves unſtrung,
And Strength unequal; the laborious Chaſe
Shall ſtint his Growth, and his raſh forward Youth

Contra

Contract ſuch vicious Habits, as thy Care
And late Correction never ſhall reclaim.

WHEN to full Strength arriv'd mature and bold,
Conduct them to the Field; not all at once,
But as thy cooler Prudence ſhall direct,
Select a few, and form them by Degrees
To ſtricter Diſcipline. With theſe conſort
The Stanch, and ſteddy Sages of thy Pack,
By long Experience vers'd in all the Wiles,
And ſubtle Doublings of the various Chaſe.
Eaſy the Leſſon of the youthful Train,
When Inſtinct prompts, and when Example guides.
If the too forward Younker at the Head
Preſs boldly on, in wanton ſportive Mood,
Correct his Haſte, and let him feel abaſh'd
The ruling Whip. But if he ſtoop behind
In wary modeſt Guiſe, to his own Noſe
Confiding ſure; give him full Scope to work
His winding Way, and with thy Voice applaud
His Patience, and his Care; ſoon ſhalt thou view

The hopeful Pupil Leader of his Tribe,
And all the liſt'ning Pack attend his Call.

Oft lead them forth where wanton Lambkins play,
And bleating Dams with jealous Eyes obſerve
Their tender Care. If at the crowding Flock
He Bay preſumptuous, or with eager Haſte
Purſue them ſcatter'd o'er the verdant Plain;
In the foul Fact attach'd, to the ſtrong Ram
Tie faſt the raſh Offender. See! at firſt
His horn'd Companion, fearful and amaz'd,
Shall drag him trembling o'er the rugged Ground:
Then with his Load fatigu'd, ſhall turn a Head,
And with his curl'd hard Front inceſſant peal
The panting Wretch; 'till breathleſs and aſtunn'd,
Stretch'd on the Turf he lie. Then ſpare not thou
The twining Whip, but ply his bleeding Sides
Laſh after Laſh, and with thy threat'ning Voice,
Harſh-echoing from the Hills, inculcate loud
His vile Offence. Sooner ſhall trembling Doves
Eſcap'd the Hawk's ſharp Talons, in mid Air,
Aſſail their dang'rous Foe, than he once more

Diſturb

Diſturb the peaceful Flocks. In tender Age
Thus Youth is train'd; as curious Artiſts bend
The taper, pliant Twig; or Potters form
Their ſoft and ductile Clay to various Shapes.

NOR is't enough to breed; but to preſerve
Muſt be the Huntſman's Care. The ſtanch old Hounds,
Guides of thy Pack, tho' but in Number few,
Are yet of great Account; ſhall oft untie
The Gordian Knot, when Reaſon at a ſtand
Puzzling is loſt, and all thy Art is vain.
O'er clogging Fallows, o'er dry plaiſter'd Roads,
O'er floated Meads, o'er Plains with Flocks diſtain'd
Rank-ſcenting, theſe muſt lead the dubious Way.
As Party-Chiefs in Senates who preſide,
With pleaded Reaſon and with well-turn'd Speech
Conduct the ſtaring Multitude; ſo theſe
Direct the Pack, who with joint Cry approve,
And loudly boaſt Diſcov'ries not their own.

UNNUMBER'D Accidents, and various Ills,
Attend thy Pack, hang hov'ring o'er their Heads

And point the Way that leads to Death's dark Cave.
Short is their Span; few at the Date arrive
Of ancient *Argus*, in old *Homer*'s Song
So highly honour'd: Kind, ſagacious Brute!
Not ev'n *Minerva*'s Wiſdom cou'd conceal
Thy much lov'd Maſter from thy nicer Senſe.
Dying his Lord he own'd, view'd him all o'er
With eager Eyes, then clos'd thoſe Eyes, well pleas'd.

Of leſſer Ills the Muſe declines to ſing,
Nor ſtoops ſo low; of theſe each Groom can tell
The proper Remedy. But O! what Care!
What Prudence can prevent Madneſs, the worſt
Of Maladies? Terrific Peſt! that blaſts
The Huntſman's Hopes, and Deſolation ſpreads
Thro' all th'unpeopled Kennel unreſtrain'd.
More fatal than th'envenom'd Viper's Bite;
Or than *Apulian* Spider's pois'nous Sting,
Heal'd by the pleaſing Antidote of Sounds.

When *Sirius* reigns, and the Sun's parching Beams
Bake the dry gaping Surface, viſit thou

Each

Each Ev'n and Morn, with quick obſervant Eye,
Thy panting Pack. If in dark ſullen Mood,
The glouting Hound refuſe his wonted Meal,
Retiring to ſome cloſe, obſcure Retreat,
Gloomy, diſconſolate: With ſpeed remove
The poor infectious Wretch, and in ſtrong Chains
Bind him ſuſpected. Thus that dire Diſeaſe
Which Art can't cure, wiſe Caution may prevent.

But this neglected, ſoon expect a Change,
A diſmal Change, Confuſion, Frenzy, Death.
Or in ſome dark Receſs, the ſenſeleſs Brute
Sits ſadly pining: Deep Melancholy,
And black Deſpair, upon his clouded Brow
Hang low'ring; from his half op'ning Jaws
The clammy Venom, and infectious Froth,
Diſtilling fall; and from his Lungs inflam'd,
Malignant Vapours taint the ambient Air,
Breathing Perdition: His dim Eyes are glaz'd,
He droops his penſive Head, his trembling Limbs
No more ſupport his Weight; abject he lies.

Dumb, ſpiritleſs, benumb'd; till Death at laſt
Gracious attends, and kindly brings Relief.

Or if outragious grown, behold alas!
A yet more dreadful Scene; his glaring Eyes
Redden with Fury, like ſome angry Boar
Churning he foams; and on his Back erect
His pointed Briſtles riſe; his Tail incurv'd
He drops, and with harſh broken Howlings rends
The poiſon-tainted Air, with rough hoarſe Voice
Inceſſant Bays; and ſnuffs th' infectious Breeze;
This Way and that he ſtares aghaſt, and ſtarts
At his own Shade; jealous, as if he deem'd
The World his Foes. If haply tow'rd the Stream
He caſt his roving Eye, cold Horror chills
His Soul; averſe he flies, trembling, appall'd.
Now frantic to the Kennel's utmoſt Verge
Raving he runs, and deals Deſtruction round.
The Pack fly diverſe; for whate'er he meets
Vengeful he bites, and ev'ry Bite is Death.

If now perchance thro' the weak Fence eſcap'd
Far up the Wind he roves, with open Mouth
Inhales the cooling Breeze, nor Man, nor Beaſt
He ſpares implacable. The Hunter-Horſe,
Once kind Aſſociate of his ſylvan Toils,
(Who haply now without the Kennel's Mound
Crops the rank Mead, and liſt'ning hears with Joy
The cheering Cry, that Morn and Eve ſalutes
His raptur'd Senſe) a wretched Victim falls.
Unhappy Quadrupede! no more, alas!
Shall thy fond Maſter with his Voice applaud
Thy Gentleneſs, thy Speed; or with his Hand
Stroke thy ſoft dappled Sides, as he each Day
Viſits thy Stall, well pleas'd; no more ſhalt thou
With ſprightly Neighings, to the winding Horn,
And the loud-op'ning Pack in conſort join'd,
Glad his proud Heart. For oh! the ſecret Wound
Rankling inflames, he bites the Ground and dies.

Hence to the Village with pernicious Haſte
Baleful he bends his Courſe: The Village flies
Alarm'd,

Alarm'd; the tender Mother in her Arms,
Hugs cloſe the trembling Babe; the Doors are barr'd,
And flying Curs by native Inſtinct taught,
Shun the contagious Bane; the ruſtic Bands
Hurry to Arms, the rude Militia ſeize
Whate'er at hand they find; Clubs, Forks, or Guns
From ev'ry Quarter charge the furious Foe,
In wild Diſorder, and uncouth Array:
'Till now with Wounds on Wounds oppreſs'd and gor'd,
At one ſhort pois'nous Gaſp he breaths his laſt.

HENCE to the Kennel, Muſe return, and view,
With heavy Heart that Hoſpital of Woe;
Where Horror ſtalks at large, inſatiate Death
Sits growling o'er his Prey: Each Hour preſents
A diff'rent Scene of Ruin and Diſtreſs.
How buſy art thou Fate! and how ſevere
Thy pointed Wrath! the Dying and the Dead
Promiſcuous lie; o'er theſe the Living fight
In one eternal Broil; not conſcious why,
Nor yet with whom. So Drunkards in their Cups,
Spare not their Friends, while ſenſeleſs Squabble reigns.
HUNTSMAN!

HUNTSMAN! it much behooves thee to avoid
The perilous Debate. Ah! rouze up all
Thy Vigilance, and tread the treach'rous Ground
With careful Step. Thy Fires unquench'd preſerve,
As erſt the Veſtal Flame; the pointed Steel
In the hot Embers hide; and if ſurpriz'd
Thou feelſt the deadly Bite, quick urge it home
Into the recent Sore, and cauterize
The Wound; ſpare not thy Fleſh, nor dread th' Event:
Vulcan ſhall ſave, when *Æſculapius* fails.

HERE, ſhou'd the knowing Muſe recount the Means
To ſtop this growing Plague. And here, alas!
Each Hand preſents a ſov'reign Cure, and boaſts
Infallibility, but boaſts in vain.
On this depend, each to his ſep'rate Seat
Confine, in Fetters bound; give each his Meſs
Apart, his Range in open Air; and then
If deadly Symptoms to thy Grief appear;
Devote the Wretch, and let him greatly fall,
A gen'rous Victim for the public Weal.

SING,

SING, philoſophic Muſe, the dire Effects
Of this contagious Bite on hapleſs Man.
The ruſtic Swains, by long Tradition taught
Of Leeches old, as ſoon as they perceive
The Bite impreſs'd, to the Sea-Coaſts repair.
Plung'd in the briny Flood, th' unhappy Youth
Now journeys home ſecure; but ſoon ſhall wiſh
The Seas as yet had cover'd him beneath
The foaming Surge, full many a Fathom deep.
A Fate more diſmal, and ſuperior Ills
Hang o'er his Head devoted. When the Moon
Cloſing her monthly round, returns again
To glad the Night; or when full-orb'd ſhe ſhines
High in the Vault of Heav'n; the lurking Peſt
Begins the dire Aſſault. The pois'nous Foam
Thro' the deep Wound inſtill'd with hoſtile Rage,
And all its fiery Particles ſaline,
Invades th' arterial Fluid; whoſe red Waves
Tempeſtuous heave, and their Coheſion broke,
Fermenting boil; inteſtine War enſues,
And Order to Confuſion turns embroil'd.

Now

Now the diſtended Veſſels ſcarce contain
The wild Uproar, but preſs each weaker Part,
Unable to reſiſt: The tender Brain,
And Stomach ſuffer moſt; Convulſions ſhake
His trembling Nerves, and wand'ring pungent Pains
Pinch ſore the ſleepleſs Wretch; his flutt'ring Pulſe
Oft intermits; penſive, and ſad, he mourns
His cruel Fate, and to his weeping Friends
Laments in vain; to haſty Anger prone,
Reſents each ſlight Offence, walks with quick Step,
And wildly ſtares; at laſt with boundleſs Sway
The Tyrant Frenzy reigns. For as the Dog,
(Whoſe fatal Bite convey'd th'infectious Bane.)
Raving he foams, and howls, and barks, and bites.
Like Agitations in his boiling Blood
Preſent like Species to his troubled Mind;
His Nature, and his Actions all Canine.
So (as old *Homer* ſung) th' Aſſociates wild
Of wand'ring *Ithacus*, by *Circe*'s Charms
To Swine transform'd, ran gruntling thro' the Groves.
Dreadful Example to a wicked World!
See there diſtreſs'd he lies! parch'd up with Thirſt,

But

But dares not drink. 'Till now at laſt his Soul
Trembling eſcapes, her noiſome Dungeon leaves,
And to ſome purer Region wings away.

ONE Labour yet remains, celeſtial Maid!
Another Element demands thy Song.
No more o'er craggy Steeps, thro' Coverts thick
With pointed Thorn, and Briers intricate,
Urge on with Horn and Voice the painful Pack:
But ſkim with wanton Wing th'irriguous Vale,
Where winding Streams amid the flow'ry Meads
Perpetual glide along; and undermine
The cavern'd Banks, by the tenacious Roots
Of hoary Willows arch'd; gloomy Retreat
Of the bright ſcaly Kind; where they at Will,
On the green wat'ry Reed their Paſture graze,
Suck the moiſt Soil, or ſlumber at their Eaſe,
Rock'd by the reſtleſs Brook, that draws aſlope
Its humid Train, and laves their dark Abodes.
Where rages not Oppreſſion? Where, alas!
Is Innocence ſecure? Rapine and Spoil
Haunt ev'n the loweſt Deeps; Seas have their Sharks,

Rivers

Rivers and Ponds inclos'd, the rav'nous Pike;
He in his Turn becomes a Prey; on him
Th'amphibious Otter feaſts. Juſt is his Fate
Deſerv'd: But Tyrants know no Bounds; nor Spears
That briſtle on his Back, defend the Perch
From his wide greedy Jaws; nor burniſh'd Mail
The yellow Carp; nor all his Arts can ſave
Th' inſinuating Eel, that hides his Head
Beneath the ſlimy Mud; nor yet eſcapes
The crimſon-ſpotted Trout, the River's Pride,
And Beauty of the Stream. Without Remorſe,
This Midnight Pillager ranging around,
Inſatiate ſwallows all. The Owner mourns
Th' unpeopled Rivulet, and gladly hears
The Huntſman's early Call, and ſees with Joy
The jovial Crew, that march upon its Banks
In gay Parade, with bearded Lances arm'd.

THIS ſubtle Spoiler of the Beaver Kind,
Far off perhaps, where ancient Alders ſhade
The deep ſtill Pool; within ſome hollow Trunk
Contrives his wicker Couch: Whence he ſurveys

His long Purlieu, Lord of the Stream, and all
The finny Shoals his own. But you, brave Youths,
Diſpute the Felon's Claim; try ev'ry Root,
And ev'ry reedy Bank; encourage all
The buſy-ſpreading Pack, that fearleſs plunge
Into the Flood, and croſs the rapid Stream.
Bid Rocks, and Caves, and each reſounding Shore,
Proclaim your bold Defiance; loudly raiſe
Each cheering Voice, 'till diſtant Hills repeat
The Triumphs of the Vale. On the ſoft Sand
See there his Seal impreſs'd! and on that Bank
Behold the glitt'ring Spoils, half-eaten Fiſh,
Scales, Fins, and Bones, the Leavings of his Feaſt.
Ah! on that yielding Sag-bed, ſee, once more
His Seal I view. O'er yon dank ruſhy Marſh
The ſly Gooſe-footed Proler bends his Courſe,
And ſeeks the diſtant Shallows. Huntſman, bring
Thy eager Pack; and trail him to his Couch.
Hark! the loud Peal begins, the clam'rous Joy,
The gallant Chiding, loads the trembling Air.

YE *Naiads* fair, who o'er theſe Floods preſide
Raiſe up your dripping Heads above the Wave,
And hear our Melody. Th' harmonious Notes
Float with the Stream; and ev'ry winding Creek
And hollow Rock, that o'er the dimpling Flood
Nods pendant; ſtill improve from Shore to Shore
Our ſweet reiterated Joys. What Shouts!
What Clamour loud! What gay Heart-cheering Sounds
Urge thro' the breathing Braſs their mazy Way!
Not Quires of Tritons glad with ſprightlier Strains
The dancing Billows; when proud *Neptune* rides
In Triumph o'er the Deep. How greedily
They ſnuff the fiſhy Steam, that to each Blade
Rank-ſcenting clings! See! how the Morning Dews
They ſweep, that from their Feet beſprinkling drop
Diſpers'd, and leave a Track oblique behind.
Now on firm Land they range; then in the Flood
They plunge tumultuous; or thro' reedy Pools
Ruſtling they work their Way: No Holt eſcapes
Their curious Search. With quick Senſation now
The fuming Vapour ſtings; flutter their Hearts,

And Joy redoubled burſts from ev'ry Mouth,
In louder Symphonies. Yon hollow Trunk,
That with its hoary Head incurv'd, ſalutes
The paſſing Wave; muſt be the Tyrant's Fort,
And dread abode. How theſe impatient climb,
While others at the Root inceſſant Bay:
They put him down. See, there he dives along!
Th' aſcending Bubbles mark his gloomy Way.
Quick fix the Nets, and cut off his Retreat
Into the ſhelt'ring Deeps. Ah, there he Vents!
The Pack plunge Headlong, and protended Spears
Menace Deſtruction. While the troubled Surge
Indignant foams, and all the ſcaly Kind
Affrighted, hide their Heads. Wild Tumult reigns,
And loud Uproar. Ah, there once more he Vents!
See, that bold Hound has ſeiz'd him; down they ſink,
Together loſt: But ſoon ſhall he repent
His raſh Aſſault. See, there eſcap'd, he flies
Half drown'd, and clambers up the ſlipp'ry Bank
With Ouze and Blood diſtain'd. Of all the Brutes,
Whether by Nature form'd, or by long Uſe,
This artful Diver beſt can bear the Want

Of vital Air. Unequal is the Fight,
Beneath the whelming Element. Yet there
He lives not long; but Reſpiration needs
At proper Intervals. Again he Vents;
Again the Crowd attack. That Spear has pierc'd
His Neck; the crimſon Waves confeſs the Wound.
Fix'd is the bearded Lance, unwelcome Gueſt,
Where-e'er he flies; with him it ſinks beneath,
With him it mounts; ſure Guide to ev'ry Foe.
Inly he groans, nor can his tender Wound
Bear the cold Stream. Lo! to yon ſedgy Bank
He creeps diſconſolate; his num'rous Foes
Surround him, Hounds, and Men. Pierc'd thro' and thro',
On pointed Spears they lift him high in Air;
Wriggling he hangs, and grins, and bites in vain:
Bid the loud Horns, in gaily-warbling Strains,
Proclaim the Felon's Fate; he dies, he dies.

Rejoice, ye ſcaly Tribes, and leaping dance
Above the Wave, in Sign of Liberty
Reſtor'd; the cruel Tyrant is no more.
Rejoice ſecure and bleſs'd; did not as yet

Remain, ſome of your own rapacious Kind;
And Man, fierce Man, with all his various Wiles.

O Happy! if ye knew your happy State,
Ye Rangers of the Fields; whom Nature boon
Cheers with her Smiles, and ev'ry Element
Conſpires to bleſs. What, if no Heroes frown
From marble Pedeſtals; nor *Raphael*'s Works,
Nor *Titian*'s lively Tints, adorn our Walls?
Yet theſe the meaneſt of us may behold;
And at another's Coſt, may feaſt at Will
Our wond'ring Eyes; what can the Owner more?
But vain, alas! is Wealth, not grac'd with Pow'r.
The flow'ry Landſkip, and the gilded Dome,
And Viſtas op'ning to the wearied Eye,
Thro' all his wide Domain; the planted Grove
The ſhrubby Wilderneſs, with its gay Choir
Of warbling Birds, can't lull to ſoft Repoſe
Th'ambitious Wretch, whoſe diſcontented Soul
Is harrow'd Day and Night; he mourns, he pines,
Until his Prince's Favour makes him great.
See there he comes, th' exalted Idol comes!

The Circle's form'd, and all his fawning Slaves
Devoutly bow to Earth; from ev'ry Mouth
The nauſeous Flatt'ry flows, which he returns
With Promiſes, that die as ſoon as born.
Vile Intercourſe! where Virtue has no Place.
Frown but the Monarch; all his Glories fade;
He mingles with the Throng, outcaſt, undone,
The Pageant of a Day; without one Friend
To ſooth his tortur'd Mind; all, all are fled.
For tho' they baſk'd in his meridian Ray,
The Inſects vaniſh, as his Beams decline.

Not ſuch our Friends; for here no dark Deſign,
No wicked Intereſt bribes the venal Heart;
But Inclination to our Boſoms leads,
And weds them there for Life; our ſocial Cups
Smile, as we ſmile; open, and unreſerv'd,
We ſpeak our inmoſt Souls; good Humour, Mirth,
Soft Complaiſance, and Wit from Malice free,
Smooth ev'ry Brow, and glow on ev'ry Cheek.

O Happineſs ſincere! what Wretch wou'd groan
Beneath the galling Load of Pow'r, or walk
Upon the ſlipp'ry Pavements of the great,
Who thus cou'd reign, unenvy'd and ſecure

Ye guardian Pow'rs who make Mankind your Care,
Give me to know wiſe Nature's hidden Depths,
Trace each myſterious Cauſe, with Judgment read
Th'expanded Volume, and ſubmiſs adore
That great creative Will, who at a Word
Spoke forth the wond'rous Scene. But if my Soul
To this groſs Clay confin'd, flutters on Earth
With leſs ambitious Wing; unſkill'd to range
From Orb to Orb, where *Newton* leads the Way;
And view with piercing Eyes, the grand Machine,
Worlds above Worlds; ſubſervient to his Voice,
Who veil'd in clouded Majeſty; alone
Gives Light to all; bids the great Syſtem move,
And changeful Seaſons in their Turns advance,
Unmov'd, unchang'd, himſelf. Yet this at leaſt
Grant me propitious, an inglorious Life,

Calm

Calm and ſerene, nor loſt in falſe Purſuits
Of Wealth or Honours; but enough to raiſe
My drooping Friends, preventing modeſt Want,
That dares not aſk. And if to crown my Joys,
Ye grant me Health, that ruddy in my Cheeks,
Blooms in my Life's Decline; Fields, Woods, and Streams,
Each tow'ring Hill, each humble Vale below,
Shall hear my cheering Voice, my Hounds ſhall wake
The lazy Morn, and glad th' Horizon round.

The End of the CHASE.

HOBBINOL,

OR THE

RURAL GAMES:

A

BURLESQUE POEM,

IN BLANK VERSE.

BY

WILLIAM SOMERVILE, Esq;

Nec ſum animi dubius, verbis ea vincere magnum
Quam ſit, & anguſtis hunc addere rebus honorem.
Sed me Parnaſſi deſerta per ardua dulcis
Raptat Amor. Juvat ire jugis, qua nulla priorum
Caſtaliam molli divertitur orbita clivo.

VIRG. Lib. III.

) E D I C A T I O N

T O

Mr. H O G A R T H.

)ERMIT me, Sir, to make choice of you for my Patron, being e greateſt Maſter in the Burleſque ay. In this indeed you have ſome dvantage of your poetical Bre-ren, that you paint to the Eye; t remember, Sir, that we give Speech,

Speech, and Motion, and a great Variety to our Figures. Your Province is the Town; leave me a ſmall Outride in the Country, and I ſhall be content. In this at leaſt let us both agree, to make Vice and Folly the Object of our Ridicule; and we cannot fail to be of ſome Service to Mankind. I am

SIR,

Your Admirer, and

Moſt humble Servant,

W. S.

THE

PREFACE.

NOTHING is more common than for us poor Bards, when we have acquired a little Reputation, to print ourſelves into Diſgrace. We climb the *Aonian* Mount with Difficulty and Toil, we receive the Bays for which we languiſhed; till, graſping ſtill at more, we loſe our Hold, and fall at once to the Bottom.

THE Author of this Piece would not thus be *Felo de ſe*, nor would he be murdered by Perſons unknown. But as he is ſatisfied, that there are many imperfect Copies of this Trifle diſpers'd abroad, and as he is credibly informed, that he ſhall ſoon be expoſed to View in ſuch an Attitude, as he would not care to appear in: He thinks it moſt prudent in this deſperate Caſe to throw himſelf on the Mercy of the Public; and offer this whimſical Work a voluntary Sacrifice, in

Hope that he ſtands a better Chance for their Indulgence, now it has received his laſt Hand, than when curtail'd and mangled by others.

THE Poets of almoſt all Nations have celebrated the Games of their ſeveral Countries. *Homer* began, and all the mimic Tribe follow'd the Example of that great Father of Poetry. Even our own *Milton*, who laid this Scene beyond the Limits of this ſublunary World, has found Room for Deſcriptions of this Sort, and has perform'd it in a more ſublime Manner, than any who went before him. His, indeed, are Sports; but they are the Sports of Angels. This Gentleman has endeavoured to do Juſtice to his Countrymen the *Britiſh* Free-holders, who, when dreſs'd in their Holyday Clothes, are by no Means Perſons of a deſpicable Figure; but eat and drink as plentifully, and fight as heartily, as the greateſt Hero in the *Iliad*. There is alſo ſome Uſe in Deſcriptions of this Nature, ſince nothing gives us a clearer Idea of the Genius of a Nation, than their Sports and Diverſions. If we ſee People dancing, even in wooden Shoes, and a Fiddle always at their Heels, we are ſoon convinced of the Levity and volatile Spirit of thoſe merry Slaves. The famous Bull Feaſts are an evident Token of the Quixotiſm and romantic Taſte of the *Spaniards*. And a Country Wake is too ſad an Image of the Infirmities of our own People: We ſee nothing but broken Heads, Bottles flying about, Tables overturn'd, outrageous Drunkenneſs, and eternal Squabble.

THUS

THUS much of the Subject. It may not be improper to touch a little upon the Style. One of the greateſt Poets and moſt candid Critics of this Age, has inform'd us that there are two Sorts of Burleſque. Be pleas'd to take it in his own Words, *Spectator*, Numb. 242. "*Burleſque* (ſays he) *is of two* "*Kinds. The firſt repreſents mean Perſons in the Accou-* "*trements of Heroes; the other, great Perſons acting and* "*ſpeaking like the baſeſt among the People.* Don Quixot *is* "*an Inſtance of the firſt, and* Lucian's Gods *of the ſe-* "*cond. It is a Diſpute among the Critics, whether Burleſque* "*runs beſt in Heroic, like the* Diſpenſary; *or in Doggrel,* "*like that of* Hudibras. *I think where the low Character* "*is to be raiſed, the Heroic is the moſt proper Meaſure; but* "*where an Hero is to be pull'd down and degraded, it* "*is beſt done in Doggrel.*" Thus far Mr. *Addiſon*. If therefore the Heroic is the proper Meaſure, where the low Character is to be rais'd, *Milton*'s Style muſt be very proper in the Subject here treated of; becauſe it raiſes the low Character more than is poſſible to be done under the Reſtraint of Rhyme; and the Ridicule chiefly conſiſts in raiſing that low Character. I beg leave to add the Authority of Mr. *Smith*, in his Poem upon the Death of Mr. *John Philips*. The whole Paſſage is ſo very fine, and gives ſo clear an Idea of his Manner of Writing, that the Reader will not think his Labour loſt in running it over.

Oh various Bard! you all our Pow'rs controul,
You now diſturb, and now divert the Soul.
Milton *and* Butler *in thy Muſe combine;*
Above the laſt thy manly Beauties ſhine.
For as I've ſeen two Rival Wits contend,
One gaily charge, one gravely wiſe defend;
That on quick Turns and Points in vain relies:
This with a Look demure and ſteddy Eyes,
With dry Rebukes, and ſneering Praiſe replies:
So thy grave Lines extort a juſter Smile,
Reach Butler's *Fancy, but ſurpaſs his Style.*
He ſpeaks Scarron's *low Phraſe in humble Strains;*
In thee the ſolemn Air of great Cervantes *reigns.*
What ſounding Lines his abject Themes expreſs!
What ſhining Words the pompous Shilling *dreſs!*
There, there my Cell, immortal made, outvies
The frailer Piles, that o'er its Ruins riſe.
In her beſt Light the Comic Muſe appears,
When ſhe with borrow'd Pride the Buſkin wears.
So when Nurſe Nokes *to act young* Ammon *tries,*
With ſhambling Legs, long Chin, and fooliſh Eyes,
With dangling Hands he ſtrokes th'imperial Robe,
And with a Cuckold's Air commands the Globe.
The Pomp, and Sound the whole Buffoon diſplay'd,
And Ammon's *Son more Mirth than* Gomez *made.*

But here it may be objected, that this **Manner** of Writing contradicts the Rule in *Horace*:

Verſibus exponi tragicis res comica non vult.

Monſieur

Monſieur *Boileau*, in his Diſſertation upon the *Jo-conde* of de la *Fontaine*, quotes this Paſſage in *Horace*, and obſerves, *Que comme il n'y a rien de plus froid, que de conter une choſe grande en ſtile bas, auſſi n'y a-t-il de plus ridicule, que de raconter une Hiſtoire comique & abſurde, en Termes graves & ſerieux.* But then he juſtly adds this Exception to the general Rule in *Horace ; à moins que ce ſerieux ne ſoit affecté tout exprés pour rendre la choſe encore plus burleſque.* If the Obſervation of that celebrated Critic, Monſieur *Dacier*, is true, *Horace* himſelf in the ſame Epiſtle to the *Piſo's*, and not far diſtant from the Rule here mention'd, has aim'd to improve the Burleſque by the help of the Sublime, in his Note upon this Verſe:

Debemur Morti nos noſtraque; ſive receptus
Terrâ Neptunus ——————

And upon the five following Verſes has this general Remark: *Toutes ces Expreſſions nobles qu' Horace entaſſe dans ce ſix vers ſervent à rendre plus plaiſante cette Chute:*

Ne dum Verborum ſtet Honos. ——

Car Rien ne contribue tant au Redicule *que le* Grand. He indeed would be ſevere upon himſelf alone, who ſhould cenſure this Way of Writing, when he muſt plainly ſee, that it is affected on Purpoſe, only to raiſe the Ridicule, and give the Reader a more agree-

able Entertainment. Nothing can improve a merry Table ſo much, as its being deliver'd with a grave and ſerious Air. Our Imaginations are agreeably ſurpris'd, and fond of a Pleaſure ſo little expected. Whereas he, who would beſpeak our Laughter by an affected Grimace and ridiculous Geſtures, muſt play his Part very well indeed, or he will fall ſhort of the Idea he has rais'd. It is true, *Virgil* was very ſenſible that it was difficult thus to elevate a low and mean Subject:

Nic ſum animi dubius, verbis ea vincere magnum
Quam ſit, & anguſtis hunc addere rebus honorem.

But tells us for our Encouragement in another Place,

In tenui Labor, at tenuis non Gloria, ſiquem
Numina læva ſinunt, auditque vocatus Apollo.

Mr. *Addiſon* is of the ſame Opinion, and adds, that the Difficulty is very much increaſed by writing in Blank Verſe. "The *Engliſh* and *French*, ſays he, "who always uſe the ſame Words in verſe, as in or-"dinary Converſation, are forced to raiſe their Lan-"guage with Metaphors and Figures, or by the "Pompouſneſs of the whole Phraſe to wear off any "Littleneſs, that appears in the particular Parts that "compoſe it. This makes our Blank Verſe, where "there is no Rhyme to ſupport the Expreſſion, ex-"tremely difficult to ſuch as are not Maſters of the "Tongue;

" Tongue; eſpecially when they write upon *low Sub-*
" *jects.*" Remarks upon *Italy*, P. 99. But there is even yet a greater Difficulty behind: The Writer in this Kind of Burleſque muſt not only keep up the Pomp and Dignity of the Style, but an artful Sneer ſhould appear thro' the whole Work; and every Man will judge, that it is no eaſy Matter to blend together the *Hero* and the *Harlequin.*

IF any Perſon ſhould want a Key to this Poem, his Curioſity ſhall be gratified: I ſhall in plain Words tell him, " It is a Satire againſt the Luxury, the " Pride, the Wantonneſs, and quarrelſome Temper " of the meddling Sort of People." As theſe are the proper and genuine Cauſes of that barefaced Knavery, and almoſt univerſal Poverty, which reign without Controul in every Place; and as to theſe we owe our many bankrupt Farmers, our Trade decay'd, and Lands uncultivated; the Author has Reaſon to hope that no honeſt Man, who loves his Country, will think this ſhort Reproof out of Seaſon: For perhaps this merry Way of bantering Men into Virtue, may have a better Effect, than the moſt ſerious Admonitions; ſince many, who are proud to be thought Immoral, are not very fond of being Rediculous.

HOBBINOL,

OR THE

RURAL GAMES.

The ARGUMENT of the firſt Canto.

PROPOSITION. Invocation addreſs'd to Mr. John Philips, *Author of the* Cyder Poem *and* Splendid Shilling. *Deſcription of the Vale of* Eveſham. *The Seat of* Hobbinol; Hobbinol *a great Man in his Village, ſeated in his Wicker ſmoking his Pipe, has one only Son. Young* Hobbinol's *Education, bred up with* Ganderetta *his near Relation. Young* Hobbinol *and* Ganderetta *choſen King and Queen of* May. *Her Dreſs and Attendants. The* May-Games. Twandillo, *the Fidler, his Character. The Dancing.* Ganderetta's *extraordinary Performance. Bag-Pipes good Muſic in the High-Lands.* Milonides *Maſter of the Ring, diſciplines the Mob; proclaims the ſeveral Prizes. His Speech.* Paſtorel *takes up the Belt. His Character, his Heroic Figure, his Confidence.* Hobbinol, *by Permiſſion of* Ganderetta, *accepts the Challenge, vaults into the Ring. His honourable Behaviour, eſcapes a Scowring.* Ganderetta's *Agony.* Paſtorel *foil'd.* Ganderetta *not a little pleas'd.*

HOBBINOL,

OR THE

RURAL GAMES.

CANTO I.

WHAT old *Menalcas* at his Feaſt reveal'd
I ſing, ſtrange Feats of ancient Proweſs, Deeds
Of high Renown, while all his liſt'ning Gueſts
With eager Joy receiv'd the pleaſing Tale.

O * Thou! who late on *Vaga*'s flow'ry Banks
Slumb'ring ſecure, with ‡ *Stirom* well bedew'd,
Fallacious Caſk, in ſacred Dreams wert taught
By ancient Seers and *Merlin* Prophet old,

* *Mr.* John Philpis, *Author of the* Cyder-Poem. ‡ *Strong Herefordſhire Cyder.*

To

To raiſe ignoble Themes with Strains ſublime,
Be thou my Guide! while I thy Tract purſue
With Wing unequal, thro' the wide Expanſe
Advent'rous range, and emulate thy Flights.

IN that rich *Vale, where with † *Dobunian* Fields
‡ *Cornavian* Borders meet, far fam'd of old
For § *Montfort*'s hapleſs Fate, undaunted Earl;
Where from her fruitful Urn *Avona* pours
Her kindly Torrent on the thirſty Glebe,
And pillages the Hills t'enrich the Plains;
On whoſe luxuriant Banks, Flow'rs of all Hues
Start up Spontaneous; and the teeming Soil
With haſty Shoots prevents its Owner's Pray'r:
The pamper'd wanton Steer, of the ſharp Ax
Regardleſs, that o'er his devoted Head
Hangs menacing, crops his delicious Bane,
Nor knows the Price is Life; with envious Eye
His lab'ring Yoke-fellow beholds his Plight,
And deems him bleſt, while on his languid Neck

* *Vale of* Eveſham. † *Gloceſterſhire.* ‡ *Worceſterſhire.* § Simon *de* Monfort *kill'd at the Battle of* Eveſham.

In

In ſolemn Sloth he tugs the ling'ring Plough.
So blind are Mortals, of each others State
Miſjudging, ſelf deceiv'd. Here as Supreme
Stern *Hobbinol* in rural Plenty reigns
O'er wide extended Fields, his large Domain.
Th' obſequious Villagers, with Look ſubmiſs
Obſervant of his Eye, or when with Seed
T'impregnate Earth's fat Womb, or when to bring
With clam'rous Joy the bearded Harveſt home.

Here, when the diſtant Sun lengthens the Nights,
When the keen Froſts the ſhiv'ring Farmer warn
To broach his mellow Caſk, and frequent Blaſts
Inſtruct the crackling Billets how to blaze,
In his warm Wicker-Chair, whoſe pliant Twigs
In cloſe Embraces join'd, with ſpacious Arch
Vault the thick-woven Roof, the bloated Churl
Loiters in State, each Arm reclin'd is prop'd
With yielding Pillows of the lofteſt Down.
In Mind compos'd, from ſhort coeval Tube
He ſucks the Vapours bland, thick curling Clouds
Of Smoke around his reeking Temples play;

Joyous

Joyous he ſits, and impotent of Thought
Puffs away Care, and Sorrow from his Heart.
How vain the Pomp of Kings! Look down, ye Great,
And view with envious Eye the downy Neſt,
Where ſoft Repoſe, and calm Contentment dwell,
Unbrib'd by Wealth, and unreſtrain'd by Pow'r.

ONE Son alone had bleſs'd his bridal Bed,
Whom good *Caliſta* bore, nor long ſurviv'd
To ſhare a Mother's Joy, but left the Babe
To his paternal Care. An Orphan Niece
Near the ſame Time his dying Brother ſent,
To claim his kind Support. The helpleſs Pair
In the ſame Cradle ſlept, nurs'd up with Care
By the ſame tender Hand, on the ſame Breaſts
Alternate hung with Joy; 'till Reaſon dawn'd,
And a new Light broke out by ſlow Degrees:
Then on the Floor the pretty Wantons play'd,
Gladding the Farmer's Heart with growing Hopes,
And Pleaſures erſt unfelt. When e'er with Cares
Oppreſs'd, when wearied, or alone he doz'd,
Their harmleſs Prattle ſooth'd his troubled Soul.

Say

Say, *Hobbinol*, what Ecſtaſies of Joy
Trill'd thro' thy Veins, when climbing for a Kiſs
With little Palms they ſtrok'd thy grizly Beard,
Or round thy Wicker whirl'd their ratt'ling Cars?
Thus from their earlieſt Days bred up, and train'd
To mutual Fondneſs, with their Stature grew
The thriving Paſſion. What Love can decay
That roots ſo deep! Now rip'ning Manhood curl'd
On the gay Stripling's Chin; her panting Breaſts,
And trembling Bluſhes glowing on her Cheeks
Her ſecret Wiſh betray'd. She at each Mart
All Eyes attracted; but her faithful Shade,
Young *Hobbinol*, ne'er wander'd from her Side.
A Frown from him daſh'd ev'ry Rival's Hopes.
For he, like *Peleus*' Son, was prone to Rage,
Inexorable, ſwift like him of Foot
With Eaſe cou'd overtake his daſtard Foe,
Nor ſpar'd the ſuppliant Wretch. And now approach'd
Thoſe merry Days, when all the Nymphs and Swains,
In ſolemn Feſtivals and rural Sports,
Pay their glad Homage to the blooming Spring.
Young *Hobbinol* by joint Conſent is rais'd

T'imperial

T'imperial Dignity, and in his Hand
Bright *Ganderetta* tripp'd, the jovial Queen
Of *Maia*'s gaudy Mouth, profuſe of Flow'rs.
From each enamel'd Mead th' attendant Nymphs
Loaded with od'rous Spoils, from theſe ſelect
Each Flow'r of gorgeous Die, and Garlands weave
Of party-colour'd Sweets; each buſy Hand
Adorns the jocund Queen: In her looſe Hair,
That to the Winds in wanton Ringlets plays,
The tufted *Cowſlips* breath their faint Perfumes.
On her refulgent Brow, as Cryſtal clear,
As *Parian* Marble ſmooth, *Narciſſus* hangs
His drooping Head, and views his Image there,
Unhappy Flow'r! *Panſies* of various hue,
Iris, and *Hyacinth* and *Aſphodel,*
To deck the Nymph, their richeſt Liv'ries wear,
And laviſh all their Pride. Not *Flora*'s ſelf
More lovely ſmiles, when to the dawning Year
Her op'ning Boſom heav'nly Fragrance breaths.

SEE on yon verdant Lawn, the gath'ring Crowd
Thickens amain; the buxom Nymphs advance

Uſher'd by jolly Clowns; Diſtinctions ceaſe
Loſt in the common Joy, and the bold Slave
Leans on his wealthy Maſter, unreprov'd:
The Sick no Pains can feel, no Wants the Poor.
Round his fond Mother's Neck the ſmiling Babe
Exulting clings; hard by, decrepit Age
Prop'd on his Staff, with anxious Thought revolves
His Pleaſures paſt, and caſts his grave Remarks
Among the heedleſs Throng. The vig'rous Youth
Strips for the Combat, hopeful to ſubdue
The Fair one's long Diſdain, by Valour now
Glad to convince her coy erroneous Heart,
And prove his Merit equal to her Charms.
Soft Pity pleads his Cauſe; bluſhing ſhe views
His brawny Limbs, and his undaunted Eye,
That looks a proud Defiance on his Foes.
Reſolv'd, and obſtinately firm he ſtands;
Danger, nor Death he fears, while the rich Prize
Is Victory and Love. On the large Bough
Of a thick-ſpreading Elm *Twangdillo* ſits:
One Leg on *Iſter*'s Banks the hardy Swain
Left undiſmay'd, *Bellona*'s Light'ning ſcorch'd.

His

His manly Viſage, but in Pity left
One Eye ſecure. He many a painful Bruiſe
Intrepid felt, and many a gaping Wound,
For brown *Kate*'s Sake, and for his Country's Weal.
Yet ſtill the merry Bard without Regret
Bears his own Ills, and with his ſounding Shell,
And comic Phyz, relieves his drooping Friends.
Hark, from aloft his tortur'd Cat-gut ſqueals,
He tickles ev'ry String, to ev'ry Note
He bends his pliant Neck, his ſingle Eye
Twinkles with Joy, his active Stump beats Time.
Let but this ſubtle Artiſt ſoftly touch
The trembling Chords, the faint expiring Swain
Trembles no leſs, and the fond yielding Maid
Is tweedled into Love. See with what Pomp
The gaudy Bands advance in trim Array!
Love beats in ev'ry Vein, from ev'ry Eye
Darts his contagious Flames. They friſk, they bound:
Now to briſk Airs, and to the ſpeaking Strings
Attentive, in Mid-way the Sexes meet;
Joyous their adverſe Fronts they cloſe, and preſs
To ſtrict Embrace, as reſolute to force

And ſtorm a Paſſage to each others Heart:
'Till by the varying Notes forewarn'd, back they
Recoil diſparted: Each with longing Eyes
Purſues his Mate retiring, 'till again
The blended Sexes mix; then Hand in Hand
Faſt lock'd, around they fly, or nimbly wheel
In Mazes intricate. The jocund Troop
Pleas'd with their grateful Toil, inceſſant ſhake
Their uncouth brawny Limbs, and knock their Heels
Sonorous; down each Brow the trickling Balm
In Torrents flows, exhaling Sweets refreſh
The gazing Crowd, and heav'nly Fragrance fills
The Circuit wide. So danc'd in Days of Yore
When *Orpheus* play'd a Leſſon to the Brutes,
The liſt'ning Savages; the ſpeckled Pard
Dandled the Kid, and with the bounding Roe
The Lion gambol'd. But what heav'nly Muſe
With equal Lays ſhall *Ganderetta* ſing,
When Goddeſs-like ſhe ſkims the verdant Plain,
Gracefully gliding? Ev'ry raviſh'd Eye
The Nymph attracts, and ev'ry Heart ſhe wounds,
Thee moſt, tranſported *Hobbinol*! Lo, now,

Now to thy op'ning Arms ſhe ſkuds alóng,
With yielding Bluſhes glowing on her Cheeks,
And Eyes that ſweetly languiſh; but too ſoon,
Too ſoon, alas! ſhe flies thy vain Embrace,
But flies to be purſu'd; nimbly ſhe trips,
And darts a Glance ſo tender, as ſhe turns,
That with new Hopes reliev'd, thy Joys revive,
Thy Stature's rais'd, and thou art more than Man.
Thy ſtately Port, and more majeſtic Air,
And ev'ry ſprightly Motion ſpeaks thy Love.

To the loud Bag-pipe's ſolemn Voice attend,
Whoſe riſing Winds proclaim a Storm is nigh.
Harmonious Blaſts! that warm the frozen Blood
Of *Caledonia*'s Sons to Love, or War,
And cheer their drooping Hearts, robb'd of the Sun's
Enliv'ning Ray, that o'er the ſnowy *Alps*
Reluctant peeps, and ſpeeds to better Climes.

FORTHWITH in hoary Majeſty appears
One of gigantic Size, but Viſage wan,
Milonides the Strong, renown'd of old

For

For Feats of Arms, but, bending now with Years,
His Trunk unwieldy from the verdant Turf
He rears deliberate, and with his Plant
Of tougheſt Virgin Oak in riſing aids
His trembling Limbs; his bald and wrinkled Front,
Entrench'd with many a glorious Scar, beſpeaks
Submiſſive Rev'rence. He with Count'nance grim
Boaſts his paſt Deeds, and with redoubled Strokes
Marſhalls the Crowd, and forms the Circle wide.
Stern Arbiter! like ſome huge Rock he ſtands,
That breaks th'incumbent Waves; they thronging preſs
In Troops confus'd, and rear their foaming Heads
Each above each, but from ſuperior Force
Shrinking repell'd, compoſe of ſtatelieſt View
A liquid Theatre. With Hands uplift,
And Voice *Stentorian*, he proclaims aloud
Each rural Prize. "To him whoſe active Foot
"Foils his bold Foe, and rivets him to Earth,
"This Pair of Gloves, by curious Virgin Hands
"Embroider'd ſeam'd with Silk, and fring'd with Gold.
"To him, who beſt the ſtubborn Hilts can wield,
"And bloody Marks of his Diſpleaſure leave

" On his Opponent's Head, this Beaver white
" With Silver Edging grac'd, and Scarlet Plume.
" Ye taper Maidens! whoſe impetuous Speed
" Outflies the Roe, nor bends the tender Graſs,
" See here this Prize, this rich lac'd Smock behold,
" White as your Boſoms, as your Kiſſes ſoft. (Grace
" Bleſt Nymph! whom bounteous Heav'n's peculiar
" Allots this pompous Veſt, and worthy deems
" To win a Virgin, and to wear a Bride".

THE Gifts refulgent dazzle all the Crowd,
In ſpeechleſs Admiration fix'd, unmov'd.
Ev'n he, who now each glorious Palm diſplays,
In ſullen Silence views his batter'd Limbs,
And ſighs his Vigour ſpent. Not ſo appall'd
Young *Paſtorel*, for active Strength renown'd:
Him *Ida* bore a Mountain Shepherdeſs;
On the bleak Woald the new-born Infant lay,
Expos'd to Winter Snows, and Northern Blaſts
Severe. As Heroes old, who from great *Jove*
Derive their proud Deſcent, ſo might he boaſt
His Line paternal: But be thou, my Muſe!

No

No leaky Blab, nor painful Umbrage give
To wealthy 'Squire or doughty Knight, or Peer
Of high Degree. Him ev'ry ſhouting Ring
In Triumph crown'd, him ev'ry Champion fear'd,
From *_Kiſtſgate_ to remoteſt *_Henbury_.
High in the Midſt the brawny Wreſtler ſtands,
A ſtately tow'ring Object; the tough Belt
Meaſures his ample Breaſt, and ſhades around
His Shoulders broad; proudly ſecure he kens
The tempting Prize, in his preſumptuous Thought
Already gain'd; with partial Look the Crowd
Approve his Claim: But _Hobbinol_ enrag'd
To ſee th'important Gifts ſo cheaply won,
And unconteſted Honours tamely loſt,
With lowly Rev'rence thus accoſts his Queen.

"FAIR Goddeſs! be propitious to my Vows;
" Smile on thy Slave, nor _Hercules_ himſelf
" Shall rob us of this Palm: That Boaſter vain
" Far other Port ſhall learn." She, with a Look
That pierc'd his inmoſt Soul, ſmiling applauds

* _Two Hundreds in_ Gloceſterſhire.

His gen'rous Ardour, with aſpiring Hope
Diſtends his Breaſt, and ſtirs the Man within:
Yet much, alas! ſhe fears, for much ſhe loves.
So from her Arms the *Paphian* Queen diſmiſs'd
The Warriour God, on glorious Slaughter bent,
Provok'd his Rage, and with her Eyes inflam'd
Her haughty Paramour. Swift as the Winds
Diſpel the fleeting Miſts, at once he ſtrips
His royal Robes; and with a Frown that chill'd
The Blood of the proud Youth, active he bounds
High o'er the Heads of Multitudes reclin'd:
But as beſeem'd one, whoſe plain honeſt Heart,
Nor Paſſion foul, nor Malice dark as Hell,
But Honour pure, and Love divine had fir'd.
His Hand preſenting, on his ſturdy Foe
Diſdainfully he ſmiles; then, quick as Thought,
With his Left-hand the Belt, and with his Right
His Shoulder ſeiz'd faſt griping; his Right-foot
Eſſay'd the Champion's Strength, but firm he ſtood,
Fix'd as a Mountain-Aſh, and in his Turn
Repaid the bold Affront; his horny Fiſt
Faſt on his Back he clos'd, and ſhook in Air

The cumb'rous Load. Nor Reſt, nor Pauſe allow'd,
Their watchful Eyes inſtruct their buſy Feet;
They pant, they heave, each Nerve, each Sinew's ſtrain'd.
Graſping they cloſe, beneath each painful Gripe
The livid Tumours riſe, in briny Streams
The Sweat diſtils, and from their batter'd Shins
The clotted Gore diſtains the beaten Ground.
Each Swain his Wiſh, each trembling Nymph conceals
Her ſecret Dread; while ev'ry panting Breaſt
Alternate Fears, and Hopes, depreſs or raiſe.
Thus long in dubious Scale the Conteſt hung,
'Till *Paſtorel* impatient of Delay,
Collecting all his Force, a furious Stroke
At his Left-ancle aim'd; 'twas Death to fall,
To ſtand impoſſible. O *Ganderetta!*
What Horrors ſeize thy Soul! on thy pale Cheeks
The Roſes fade. But wav'ring long in Air,
Nor firm on Foot, nor as yet wholly fall'n
On his right Knee he ſlip'd, and nimbly 'ſcap'd
The foul Diſgrace. Thus on the ſlacken'd Rope
The wingy-footed Artiſt, frail Support!
Stands tott'ring; now in dreadful Shrieks the Crowd

Lament his ſudden Fate, and yield him loſt:
He on his Hams, or on his brawny Rump
Sliding ſecure, derides their vain Diſtreſs.
Upſtarts the vig'rous *Hobb'nol* undiſmay'd,
From Mother-Earth like old *Antæus* rais'd,
With Might redoubled. Clamour and Applauſe
Shake all the neighb'ring Hills, *Avona*'s Banks
Return him loud Acclaim: With ardent Eyes,
Fierce as a Tyger ruſhing from his Lair,
He graſp'd the Wriſt of his inſulting Foe.
Then with quick Wheel oblique, his Shoulder-point
Beneath his Breaſt he fix'd, and whirl'd aloft
High o'er his Head the ſprawling Youth he flung:
The hollow Ground rebellow'd as he fell.
The Crowd preſs forward with tumultuous Din;
Thoſe to relieve their faint expiring Friend,
With Gratulations theſe. Hands, Tongues, and Caps
Outragious Joy proclaim, ſhrill Fiddles ſqueak,
Hoarſe Bag-pipes roar, and *Ganderetta* ſmiles.

ARGUMENT of the ſecond CANTO.

THE Fray, Tonſorio, Collin, Hildebrand, Cuddy, Cindaraxa, Talgol, Avaro, Cubbin, Collakin, Mundungo. *Sir* Rhadamanth *the Juſtice attended with his Guards comes to quell the Fray.* Rhadamanth's *Speech. Tumult appeas'd.* Gorgonius *the Butcher takes up the Hilts, his Character. The* Kiftſgatians *Conſternation, look wiſtfully on* Hobbinol; *his Speech. The Cudgel-playing.* Gorgonius *knock'd down, falls upon* Twangdillo; *his Diſtreſs; his Lamentation over his broken Fiddle.*

CANTO II.

LONG While an univerſal Hubbub loud,
Deaf'ning each Ear, had drown'd each Accent mild;
'Till biting Taunts, and harſh opprobrious Words
Vile Utt'rance found. How weak are Human Minds!
How impotent to ſtem the ſwelling Tide,
And without Inſolence enjoy Succeſs!
The Vale-Inhabitants, proud, and elate
With Victory, know no Reſtraint, but give
A Looſe to Joy. Their Champion *Hobbinol*
Vaunting they raiſe, above that Earth-born Race
Of Giants old, who piling Hills on Hills,
Pelion on *Oſſa*, with rebellious Aim
Made War on *Jove*. The ſturdy Mountaineers,

Who

Who ſaw their Mightieſt fall'n, and in his Fall
Their Honours paſt impair'd, their Trophies, won
By their proud Fathers, who with ſcorn look'd down
Upon the ſubject Vale, ſullied, deſpoil'd,
And level'd with the Duſt, no longer bear
The keen Reproach. But as when ſudden Fire
Seizes the ripen'd Grain, whoſe bending Ears
Invite the Reaper's Hand, the furious God
In ſooty Triumph rides dreadful, upborn
On Wings of Wind, that with deſtructive Breath
Feed the fierce Flames, from Ridge to Ridge he bounds
Wide-waſting, and pernicious Ruin ſpreads:
So thro' the Crowd from Breaſt to Breaſt ſwift flew
The propagated Rage; loud vollied Oaths,
Like Thunder burſting from a Cloud, gave Signs
Of Wrath awak'd. Prompt Fury ſoon ſupply'd
With Arms uncouth; tough well-ſeaſon'd Plants,
Weighty with Lead infus'd, on either Hoſt
Fall thick, and heavy; Stools in Pieces rent,
And Chairs, and Forms, and batter'd Bowls are hurl'd
With fell Intent; like Bombs the Bottles fly
Hiſſing in Air, their ſharp-edg'd Fragments drench'd

In

In the warm ſpouting Gore; Heaps driv'n on Heaps
Promiſcuous lie. *Tonſorio* now advanc'd
On the rough Edge of Battle: His broad Front
Beneath his ſhining Helm ſecure, as erſt
Was thine, *Mambrino*, ſtout *Iberian* Knight!
Defy'd the rattling Storm that on his Head
Fell innocent. A Table's ragged Frame
In his Right-Hand he bore, *Herculean* Club!
Crowds, puſh'd on Crowds, before his potent Arm
Fled ignominious; Havock, and Diſmay,
Hung on their Rear. *Collin* a merry Swain,
Blith as the ſoaring Lark, as ſweet the Strains
Of his ſoft-warbling Lips, that whiſt'ling cheer
His lab'ring Team, they toſs their Heads well pleas'd,
In gaudy Plumage deck'd, with ſtern Diſdain
Beheld this Victor proud; his gen'rous Soul
Brook'd not the foul Diſgrace. High o'er his Head
His pond'rous Plough-Staff in both Hands he rais'd;
Erect he ſtood, and ſtretching ev'ry Nerve,
As from a forceful Engine, down it fell
Upon his hollow'd Helm, that yielding ſunk
Beneath the Blow, and with its ſharpen'd Edge

Shear'd

Shear'd both his Ears, they on his Shoulders broad
Hung ragged. Quick as Thought the vig'rous Youth
Short'ning his Staff, the other End he darts
Into his gaping Jaws. *Tonſorio* fled
Sore maim'd; with pounded Teeth and-clotted Gore
Half choak'd, he fled; with him the Hoſt retir'd
Companions of his Shame; all but the ſtout,
And erſt unconquer'd *Hildebrand*, brave Man!
Bold Champion of the Hills! thy weighty Blows
Our Fathers felt diſmay'd; to keep thy Poſt
Unmov'd, whilom thy Valour's Choice, now ſad
Neceſſity compels; decripit now
With Age, and ſtiff with honourable Wounds,
He ſtands unterrify'd; one Crutch ſuſtains
His Frame Majeſtic, th'other in his Hand
He wields tremendous; like a Mountain Boar
In Toils inclos'd, he dares his circling Foes.
They ſhrink aloof, or ſoon with Shame repent
The raſh Aſſault, the Ruſtic Heroes fall
In Heaps around. *Cuddy*, a dext'rous Youth,
When Force was vain, on fraudful Art rely'd:
Cloſe to the Ground low cow'ring, unperceiv'd,

Cautious

Cautious he crept, and with his crooked Bill
Cut ſheer the frail Support, Prop of his Age:
Reeling a While he ſtood, and menac'd fierce
Th'infidious Swain, reluctant now at Length
Fell prone and plough'd the Duſt. So the tall Oak,
Old Monarch of the Groves, that long had ſtood
The Shock of warring Winds, and the red Bolts
Of angry *Jove*, ſhorn of his leafy Shade
At laſt, and inwardly decay'd, if chance
The cruel Woodman ſpy the friendly Spur,
His only Hold; that ſever'd, ſoon he nods,
And ſhakes th' incumber'd Mountain as he falls.

When manly Valour fail'd, a Female Arm
Reſtor'd the Fight. As in th'adjacent Booth
Black *Cindaraxa*'s buſy Hand prepar'd
The ſmoky Viands, ſhe beheld, abaſh'd,
The routed Hoſt, and all her daſtard Friends
Far ſcatter'd o'er the Plain; their ſhameful Flight
Griev'd her proud Heart, for hurry'd with the Stream
Ev'n *Talgol* too had fled, her darling Boy.
A flaming Brand from off the glowing Hearth

The greaſy Heroine ſnatch'd; o'er her pale Foes
The threat'ning Meteor ſhone, brandiſh'd in Air,
Or round their Heads in ruddy Circles play'd.
Acroſs the proſtrate *Hildebrand* ſhe ſtrode,
Dreadfully bright: The Multitude appall'd
Fled diff'rent Ways, their Beards, their Hair in Flames.
Imprudent ſhe purſu'd, 'till on the Brink
Of the next Pool, with Force united preſs'd,
And waving round with huge two-handed Sway
Her blazing Arms into the muddy Lake
The bold Virago fell. Dire was the Fray
Between the warring Elements, of old
Thus *Mulciber*, and *Xanthus Dardan* Stream
In hideous Battle join'd. Juſt ſinking now
Into the boiling Deep, with ſuppliant Hands
She beg'd for Life; black Ouſe and Filth obſcene
Hung in her matted Hair: The ſhouting Crowd
Inſult her Woes, and proud of their Succeſs,
The dripping Amazon in Triumph lead.
Now, like a gath'ring Storm, the rally'd Troops
Blacken'd the Plain. Young *Talgol* from their Front,
With a fond Lover's Haſte, ſwift as the Hind,

That

That, by the Huntſman's Voice alarm'd, had fled,
Panting returns, and ſeeks the gloomy Brake,
Where her dear Fawn lay hid, into the Booth
Impatient ruſh'd. But when the fatal Tale
He heard, the deareſt Treaſure of his Soul
Purloin'd, his *Cindy* loſt, ſtiff'ned and pale
A While he ſtood, his kindling Ire at length
Burſt forth implacable, and injur'd Love
Shot Lightning from his Eyes; a Spit he ſeiz'd,
Juſt reeking from the fat Surloin, a long,
Unwieldy Spear; then with impetuous Rage
Preſs'd forward on th'embattled Hoſt, that ſhrunk
At his Approach. The rich *Avaro* firſt,
His fleſhy Rump bor'd with diſhoneſt Wounds,
Fled bellowing; nor could his num'rous Flocks,
Nor all th'aſpiring Pyramids, that grace
His Yard well ſtor'd, ſave the penurious Clown.
Here *Cubbin* fell, and there young *Collakin*,
Nor his fond Mother's Pray'rs, nor ardent Vows
Of Love-ſick Maids could move relentleſs Fate.
Where e'er he rag'd, with his far beaming Lance
He thin'd their Ranks, and all their Battle ſwerv'd

With many an Inroad gor'd. Then caſt around
His furious Eyes, if haply he might find
The captive Fair; her in the Duſt he ſpy'd
Grov'ling, diſconſolate; thoſe Locks, that erſt
So bright, ſhone like the poliſh'd Jet, defil'd
With Mire impure; thither with eager Haſte
He ran, he flew. But when the wretched Maid
Proſtrate he view'd, deform'd with gaping Wounds
And welt'ring in her Blood, his trembling Hand
Soon drop'd the dreaded Lance; on her pale Cheeks
Ghaſtly he gaz'd, nor felt the pealing Storm
That on his bare defenceleſs Brow fell thick
From ev'ry Arm: O'erpower'd at laſt, down ſunk
His drooping Head, on her cold Breaſt reclin'd.
Hail, faithful Pair! if ought my Verſe avail,
Nor Envy's Spite, nor Time ſhall e'er efface
The Records of your Fame; blind *Britiſh* Bards,
In Ages yet to come, on feſtal Days
Shall chant this mournful Tale, while liſt'ning Nymphs
Lament around, and ev'ry gen'rous Heart
With active Valour glows, and virtuous Love.
How blind is pop'lar Fury! how perverſe,

When

When Broils inteſtine rage, and Force controuls
Reaſon and Law! As the torn Veſſel ſinks
Between the Burſt of adverſe Waves o'erwhelm'd;
So fares it with the neutral Head, between
Contending Parties bruis'd, inceſſant peal'd
With random Strokes that undiſcerning fall;
Guiltleſs he ſuffers moſt, who leaſt offends.
Mundungo from the bloody Field retir'd,
Cloſe in a Corner plied the peaceful Bowl;
Incurious he, and thoughtleſs of Events,
Now deem'd himſelf conceal'd, wrapt in the Cloud
That iſſu'd from his Mouth, and the thick Fogs
That hung upon his Brows; but hoſtile Rage
Inquiſitive found out the ruſty Swain.
His ſhort black Tube, down his furr'd Throat impell'd,
Stagg'ring he reel'd, and with tenacious Gripe
The bulky Jordan, that before him ſtood,
Seiz'd falling; that its liquid Freight diſgorg'd
Upon the proſtrate Clown, flound'ring he lay
Beneath the muddy Bev'rage whelm'd, ſo late
His prime Delight. Thus the luxurious Waſp
Voracious Inſect, by the fragrant Dregs

Allur'd, and in the vifcous Nectar plung'd,
His filmy Pennons ſtruggling flaps in vain,
Loſt in a Flood of Sweets. Still o'er the Plain
Fierce Onſet, and tumultuous Battle ſpread;
And now they fall, and now they riſe, incens'd
With animated Rage, while nought around
Is heard, but Clamour, Shout, and Female Cries,
And Curſes mix'd with Groans. Diſcord on high
Shook her infernal Scourge, and o'er their Heads
Scream'd with malignant Joy; when lo! between
The warring Hoſts appear'd Sage *Rhadamanth*,
A Knight of high Renown. Nor *Quixot* bold,
Nor *Amadis* of *Gaul*, nor *Hudibras*,
Mirror of Knighthood, e'er cou'd vie with thee,
Great Sultan of the Vale! Thy Front ſevere,
As humble *Indians* to their Pagods bow,
The Clowns ſubmiſs approach. *Themis* to thee
Commits her golden Balance, where ſhe weighs
Th' abandon'd Orphan's Sighs, the Widows Tears;
By thee gives ſure Redreſs, comforts the Heart
Oppreſs'd with Woe, and rears the ſuppliant Knee.
Each bold Offender hides his guilty Head,

Aſtoniſh'd

Aſtoniſh'd, when thy delegated Arm
Draws her vindictive Sword; at thy Command,
Stern Miniſter of Power Supreme! each Ward
Sends forth her brawny *Myrmidons*, their Clubs
Blazon'd with royal Arms; diſpatchful Haſte
Sits earneſt on each Brow, and public Care.
Encompaſs'd round with theſe his dreadful Guards,
He ſpur'd his ſober Steed, grizzled with Age,
And venerably dull; his Stirrups ſtretch'd
Beneath the Knightly Load; one Hand he fix'd
Upon his Saddle Bow, the other Palm
Before him ſpread, like ſome grave Orator
In *Athens*, or free *Rome*, when Eloquence
Subdu'd Mankind, and all the liſt'ning Crowd
Hung by their Ears on his perſuaſive Tongue.
He thus the jarring Multitude addreſs'd.

(Flow'r

" NEIGHBOURS, and Friends, and Countrymen, the
" Of *Kiſſgate!* ah! what means this impious Broil?
" Is then the haughty *Gaul* no more your Care?
" Are *Landen*'s Plains ſo ſoon forgot, that thus
" Ye ſpill that Blood inglorious, waſte that Strength,

" Which well employ'd, once more might have compell'd
" The Stripling *Anjou* to a ſhameful Flight?
" Or by your great Forefathers taught, have fix'd
" The *Britiſh* Standard on *Lutetian* Tow'rs?
" O Sight odious, deteſtable! O Times
" Degenerate, of ancient Honour void!
" This Fact ſo foul, ſo riotous, inſults
" All Law, all ſov'reign Pow'r, and calls aloud
" For Vengeance; but, my Friends! too well ye know,
" How ſlow this Arm to puniſh, and how bleeds
" This Heart, when forc'd on rigorous Extremes.
" O Countrymen! All, all, can teſtify
" My Vigilance, my Care for public Good
" I am the Man, who by your own free Choice
" Select from all the Tribes, in Senates rul'd
" Each warm Debate, and emptied all my Stores
" Of ancient Science in my Country's Cauſe.
" Wiſe *Tacitus*, of Penetration deep,
" Each ſecret Spring reveal'd, *Thuanus* bold
" Breath'd Liberty, and all the mighty Dead,
" Rais'd at my Call, the *Britiſh* Rights confirm'd;
" While *Muſgrave*, *How*, and *Seymour* ſneer'd in vain.

" I

" I am the Man, who from the Bench exalt
" This Voice, ſtill grateful to your Ears, this Voice
" Which breaths for you alone. Where is the Wretch
" Diſtreſs'd, who in the Cobwebs of the Law
" Entangl'd, and in ſubtil Problems loſt,
" Seeks not to me for Aid! In Shoals they come
" Neglected, feeleſs Clients, nor return
" Unedify'd; ſcarce greater Multitudes
" At *Delphi* ſought the God, to learn their Fate
" From his dark Oracles. I am the Man,
" Whoſe watchful Providence, beyond the Date
" Of this frail Life extends, to future Times
" Beneficent, my uſeful Schemes ſhall ſteer
" The Common-Weal in Ages yet to come.
" Your Children's Children, taught by me, ſhall keep
" Their Rights inviolable: And as *Rome*
" The Sibyl's ſacred Books, tho' wrote on Leaves
" And ſcatter'd o'er the Ground, with pious Awe
" Collected; ſo your Sons ſhall glean with Care
" My hallow'd Fragments, ev'ry Scrip divine
" Conſult intent, of more intrinſic Worth
" Than half a *Vatican*. Hear me, my Friends!

" Hear me, my Countrymen! oh ſuffer not
" This hoary Head, employ'd for you alone,
" To ſink with Sorrow to the Grave." He ſpake,
And veil'd his Bonnet to the Crowd. As when
The Sov'reign of the Floods o'er the rough Deep
His awful Trident ſhakes, its Fury falls,
The warring Billows on each Hand retire,
And foam, and rage no more. All now is huſh'd,
The Multitude appeas'd; a cheerful Dawn
Smiles on the Fields, the waving Throng ſubſides,
And the loud Tempeſt ſinks, becalm'd in Peace.

GORGONIUS now with haughty Strides advanc'd,
A Gauntlet ſeiz'd, firm on his Guard he ſtood
A formidable Foe, and dealt in Air
His empty Blows, a Prelude to the Fight.
Slaughter his Trade; full many a pamper'd Ox
Fell by his fatal Hand, the bulky Beaſt
Drag'd by his Horns, oft at one deadly Blow,
His Iron Fiſt deſcending cruſh'd his Skull,
And left him ſpurning on the bloody Floor,
While at his Feet the guiltleſs Axe was laid,

In

In dubious Fight of late one Eye he loſt,
Bor'd from its Orb, and the next glancing Stroke
Bruis'd ſore the riſing Arch, and bent his Noſe:
Nathleſs he triumph'd on the well-fought Stage,
Hockleian Hero! Nor was more deform'd
The *Cyclops* blind, nor of more monſtrous Size,
Nor his void Orb more dreadful to behold,
Weeping the putrid Gore, ſevere Revenge
Of ſubtle *Ithacus*. Terribly gay
In his Buff Doublet, larded o'er with Fat
Of ſlaughter'd Brutes, the well-oil'd Champion ſhone.
Sternly he gaz'd around, with many a Frown
Fierce menacing, provok'd the tardy Foe.
For now each Combatant, that erſt ſo bold
Vaunted his manly Deeds, in penſive Mood
Hung down his Head, and fix'd on Earth his Eyes,
Pale and diſmay'd. On *Hobbinol* at laſt
Intent they gaze, in him alone their Hope,
Each Eye ſolicits him, each panting Heart
Joins in the ſilent Suit. Soon he perceiv'd
Their ſecret Wiſh, and eas'd their doubting Minds.

" YE Men of *Kiftſgate!* whoſe wide-ſpreading Fame
" In ancient Days were ſung from Shore to Shore,
" To *Britiſh* Bards of old a copious Theme;
" Too well, alas! in your pale Cheeks I view
" Your daſtard Souls. O mean, degen'rate Race!
" But ſince on me ye call, each ſuppliant Eye
" Invites my ſov'reign Aid, lo! here I come,
" The Bulwark of your Fame, tho' ſcarce my Brows
" Are dry from glorious Toils, juſt now atchiev'd,
" To vindicate your Worth. Lo! here I ſwear,
" By all my great Forefathers fair Renown,
" By that illuſtrious Wicker, where they ſat
" In comely Pride, and in Triumphant Sloth
" Gave Law to paſſive Clowns: or on this Spot
" In Glory's Prime, your *Hobbinol* expires,
" And from his deareſt *Ganderetta*'s Arms
" Sinks to Death's cold Embrace; or by this Hand
" That Stranger, big with Inſolence, ſhall fall
" Prone on the Ground, and do your Honour Right."

FORTHWITH the Hilts he ſeiz'd, but on his Arm
Fond *Ganderetta* hung, and round his Neck

Curl'd

Curl'd in a ſoft Embrace. Honour and Love
A doubtful Conteſt wag'd, but from her ſoon
He ſprung relentleſs, all her Tears were vain,
Yet oft he turn'd, oft ſigh'd, thus pleading mild:

" Ill ſhould I merit theſe imperial Robes,
" Enſigns of Majeſty, by gen'ral Voice
" Conferr'd, ſhould Pain, or Death itſelf avail
" To ſhake the ſteady Purpoſe of my Soul.
" Peace, fair One! Heaven will protect the Man,
" By thee held dear, and crown thy gen'rous Love."

Her from the liſted Field the Matrons ſage
Reluctant drew, and with fair Speeches ſooth'd.

Now Front to Front the fearleſs Champions meet
Gorgonius like a Tow'r, whoſe cloudy Top
Invades the Skies, ſtood low'ring; far beneath
The Stripling *Hobbinol*, with careful Eye
Each Op'ning ſcans, and each unguarded Space
Meaſures intent. While negligently bold,
The bulky Combatant, whoſe Heart elate

Diſdain'd his puny Foe, now fondly deem'd
At one deciſive ſtroke to win, unhurt,
An eaſy Victory; down came at once
The pond'rous Plant, with fell malicious Rage,
Aim'd at his Head direct; but the tough Hilts,
Swift interpos'd elude his Effort vain.
The cautious *Hobbinol*, with ready Feet
Now ſhifts his Ground, retreating; then again
Advances bold, and his unguarded Shins
Batters ſecure; each well-directed Blow
Bites to the Quick; thick as the falling Hail,
The Strokes redoubled peal his hollow Sides.
The Multitude amaz'd with Horror view
The rattling Storm, ſhrink back at ev'ry Blow,
And ſeem to feel his Wounds; inly he groan'd
And gnaſh'd his Teeth, and from his Blood-ſhot Eye
Red Light'ning flaſh'd, the fierce tumultuous Rage
Shook all his mighty Fabric; once again
Erect he ſtands, collected, and reſolv'd
To conquer, or to die: Swift as the Bolt
Of angry *Jove*, the weighty Plant deſcends.
But wary *Hobbinol* whoſe watchful Eye

Perceiv'd

Perceiv'd his kind Intent, ſlip'd on one Side
Declining; the vain Stroke from ſuch an Height,
With ſuch a Force impell'd, headlong drew down
Th' unweildy Champion: On the ſolid Ground
He fell rebounding; breathleſs, and aſtunn'd,
His Trunk extended lay; ſore maim'd, from out
His heaving Breaſt, he belch'd a crimſon Flood.
Full leiſurely he roſe, but conſcious Shame
Of Honour loſt his failing Strength renew'd.
Rage, and Revenge, and ever-during Hate,
Blacken'd his ſtormy Front; raſh, furious, blind,
And laviſh of his Blood, of random Strokes
He laid on Load; without Deſign or Art
Onward he preſs'd outrageous, while his Foe
Encircling wheels, or Inch by Inch retires,
Wiſe Niggard of his Strength. Yet all thy Care,
O *Hobbinol!* avail'd not to prevent
One hapleſs Blow; o'er his ſtrong Guard the Plant
Lapp'd pliant, and its knotty Point impreſs'd
His nervous Chine; he wreath'd him to and fro
Convolv'd, yet thus diſtreſs'd, intrepid bore
His Hilts aloft, and guarded well his Head.

So

So when th' unwary Clown, with haſty Step,
Cruſhes the folded Snake, her wounded Parts
Grov'ling ſhe trails along, but her high Creſt
Erect ſhe bears; in all its ſpeckled Pride,
She ſwells inflam'd, and with her forky Tongue
Threatens Deſtruction. With like eager Haſte,
Th' impatient *Hobb'nol*, whoſe exceſſive Pain
Stung to his Heart, a ſpeedy Vengeance vow'd,
Nor wanted long the Means; a Feint he made
With well diſſembled Guile, his batter'd Shins
Mark'd with his Eyes, and menac'd with his Plant.
Gorgonius, whoſe long-ſuff'ring Legs ſcarce bore
His cumb'rous Bulk, to his Supporters frail
Indulgent, ſoon the friendly Hilts oppos'd;
Betray'd, deceiv'd, on his unguarded Creſt
The Stroke deluſive fell; a diſmal Groan
Burſt from his hollow Cheſt, his trembling Hands
Forſook the Hilts, acroſs the ſpacious Ring
Backward he reel'd, the Crowd affrighted fly
T' eſcape the falling Ruin. But, alas!
'Twas thy hard Fate, *Twangdillo*! to receive
His pond'rous Trunk; on thee, on helpleſs thee,
Headlong,

Headlong, and heavy, the foul Monſter fell.
Beneath a Mountain's Weight, th'unhappy Bard
Lay proſtrate, nor was more renown'd thy Song,
O Steer of *Thrace!* nor more ſevere thy Fate.
His vocal Shell, the Solace and Support
Of wretched Age, gave one melodious Scream,
And in a thouſand Fragments ſtrow'd the Plain.
The Nymphs, ſure Friends to his harmonious Mirth,
Fly to his Aid, his hairy Breaſt expoſe
To each refreſhing Gale, and with ſoft Hands
His Temples chafe; at their perſuaſive Touch
His fleeting Soul returns, upon his Rump
He ſat diſconſolate; but when, alas!
He view'd the ſhatter'd Fragments, down again
He ſunk expiring; by their friendly Care
Once more reviv'd, he thrice aſſay'd to ſpeak,
And thrice the riſing Sobs his Voice ſubdu'd:
'Till thus at laſt his wretched Plight he mourn'd.

" SWEET Inſtrument of Mirth! ſole Comfort left
" To my declining Years! whoſe ſprightly Notes
" Reſtor'd my Vigour, and renew'd my Bloom,

" Soft

" Soft healing Balm to ev'ry wounded Heart!
" Deſpairing, dying Swains, from the cold Ground
" Uprais'd by thee, at thy melodious Call,
" With raviſh'd Ears receiv'd the flowing Joy.
" Gay Pleaſantry, and Care beguiling Joke,
" Thy ſure Attendants were, and at thy Voice
" All Nature ſmil'd. But, oh! this Hand no more
" Shall touch thy wanton Strings, no more with Lays
" Alternate, from Oblivion dark redeem
" The mighty Dead, and vindicate their Fame.
" Vain are thy Toils, O *Hobbinol!* and all
" Thy Triumphs vain. Who ſhall record, brave Man!
" Thy bold Exploits? Who ſhall thy Grandeur tell,
" Supreme of *Kiſſgate?* See thy faithful Bard,
" Deſpoil'd, undone. O cover me, ye Hills!
" Whoſe vocal Clifts were taught my joyous Song.
" Or thou, fair Nymph, *Avona!* on whoſe Banks
" The frolic Crowd, led by my num'rous Strains
" Their Orgies kept, and friſk'd it o'er the Green,
" Jocund, and gay, while thy remurm'ring Streams
" Danc'd by, well pleas'd. Oh! let thy friendly Waves
" O'erwhelm a Wretch, and hide this Head accurs'd.

So

So plains the reſtleſs *Philomel*, her Neſt,
And callow Young, the tender growing Hope
Of future Harmony, and frail Return
For all her Cares, to barb'rous Churls a Prey;
Darkling ſhe ſings, the Woods repeat her Moan.

The ARGUMENT of the third Canto.

GOOD *Eating expedient for Heroes.* Homer *prais'd for keeping a Table.* Hobbinol *triumphant.* Ganderetta's *Bill of Fare. Panegyric upon Ale. Goſſipping over a Bottle. Compliment to Mr.* John Philips. Ganderetta's *Perplexity diſcover'd by* Hobbinol; *his conſolatory Speech, compares himſelf to* Guy *Earl of* Warwick. Ganderetta *encouraged, ſtrips for the Race; her amiable Figure.* Fuſca *the Gypſy, her dirty Figure.* Tabitha, *her great Reputation for Speed; hired to the diſſenting Academy at* Tewkſbury. *A ſhort Account of* Gamaliel *the Maſter, and his hopeful Scholars.* Tabitha *carries Weight. The* Smock-Race. Tabitha's *Fall.* Fuſca's *ſhort Triumph, her Humiliation.* Ganderetta's *matchles Speed.* Hobbinol *lays the Prize at her Feet. Their mutual Triumph. The Viciſſitude of human Affairs, experienc'd by* Hobbinol. Mopſa, *formerly his Servant, with her two Children appears to him.* Mopſa's *Speech; aſſaults* Ganderetta; *her Flight.* Hobbinol's *prodigious Fright, is taken into Cuſtody by Conſtables, and drag'd to Sir* Rhadamanth's.

CANTO III.

THO' ſome of old, and ſome of modern Date,
Penurious their victorious Heroes fed
With barren Praiſe alone; yet thou, my Muſe!
Benevolent, with more indulgent Eyes
Behold th'immortal *Hobbinol*; reward
With due Regalement his triumphant Toils.
Let *Quixot*'s hardy Courage, and Renown,
With *Sancho*'s prudent Care be meetly join'd.

O thou of Bards ſupreme, *Mæonides!*
What well-fed Heroes grace thy hallow'd Page!
Laden with glorious Spoils, and gay with Blood
Of ſlaughter'd Hoſts, the Victor Chief returns.
Whole *Troy* before him fled, and Men, and Gods,
Oppos'd in vain. For the brave Man, whoſe Arm

Repell'd his Country's Wrong, ev'n he, the great
Atrides, King of Kings, ev'n he prepares
With his own royal Hand the ſumptuous Feaſt.
Full to the Brim, the brazen Cauldrons ſmoke,
Thro' all the buſy Camp the riſing Blaze
Atteſts their Joy; Heroes and Kings forego
Their State, and Pride, and at his Elbow wait
Obſequious. On a poliſh'd Charger plac'd,
The bulky Chine, with plenteous Fat inlaid,
Of golden Hue, magnificently ſhines.
The choiceſt Morſels ſever'd to the Gods,
The Hero next, well-paid for all his Wounds,
The rich repaſt divides with *Jove*; from out
The ſparkling Bowl he draws the gen'rous Wine,
Unmix'd, unmeaſur'd; with unſtinted Joy
His Heart o'erflows. In like triumphant Port
Sat the victorious *Hobbinol*; the Crowd
Tranſported view, and bleſs their glorious Chief:
All *Kiſtſgate* ſounds his Praiſe with joint Acclaim.
Him ev'ry Voice, him ev'ry Knee confeſs'd,
In Merit, as in Right, their King. Upon
The flow'ry Turf, Earth's painted Lap, are ſpread

The

The rural Dainties; ſuch as Nature boon
Preſents with laviſh Hand, or ſuch as owe
To *Ganderetta*'s Care their grateful Taſte,
Delicious. For ſhe long ſince prepar'd
To celebrate this Day, and with good Cheer
To grace his Triumphs. Cryſtal Gooſeberries
Are pil'd on Heaps; in vain the Parent-Tree
Defends her luſcious Fruit with pointed Spears.
The ruby-tinctur'd Corinth cluſt'ring hangs,
And emulates the Grape; green Codlings float
In dulcet Creams; nor wants the laſt Year's Store,
The hardy Nut, in ſolid Mail ſecure,
Impregnable to Winter Froſts, repays
Its Hoarder's Care. The Cuſtard's jellied Flood
Impatient Youth, with greedy Joy, devours.
Cheeſecakes and Pyes, in various Forms uprais'd,
In well built Pyramids, aſpiring ſtand.
Black Hams, and Tongues, that ſpeechleſs can perſuade
To ply the briſk Carouſe, and cheer the Soul
With jovial Draughts. Nor does the jolly God
Deny his precious Gifts; here jocund Swains,
In uncouth Mirth delighted, ſporting, quaff

Their native Bev'rage; in the brimming Glaſs
The liquid Amber ſmiles.' *Britons*, no more
Dread your invading Foes; let the falſe *Gaul*,
Of Rule inſatiate, potent to deceive,
And great by ſubtle Wiles, from th' adverſe Shore
Pour from his num'rous Hoſts; *Iberia!* join
Thy tow'ring Fleets, once more aloft diſplay
Thy conſecrated Banners, fill thy Sails
With Pray'rs and Vows, moſt formidably ſtrong
In holy Trump'ry, let old Ocean groan
Beneath thy proud Armada, vainly deem'd
Invincible; yet fruitleſs all their Toils,
Vain ev'ry raſh Effort, while our fat Glebe,
Of Barley-Grain productive, ſtill ſupplies
The flowing Treaſure, and with Sums immenſe
Supports the Throne; while this rich Cordial warms
The Farmer's Gourage, arms his ſtubborn Soul
With native Honour, and reſiſtleſs Rage.
Thus vaunt the Crowd, each free-born Heart o'erflows
With *Britains* Glory, and his Country's Love.

HERE, in a merry Knot combin'd, the Nymphs
Pour out melifluous Streams, the balmy Spoils
Of the laborious Bee. The modeſt Maid
But coyly ſips, and bluſhing drinks, abaſh'd:
Each Lover, with obſervant Eye beholds
Her graceful Shame, and at her glowing Cheeks
Rekindles all his Fires. But Matrons ſage,
Better experienc'd, and inſtructed well
In midnight Myſteries, and Feaſt-rites old,
Graſp the capacious Bowl; nor ceaſe to draw
The ſpumy Nectar. Healths of gay Import
Fly merrily about; now Scandal fly
Inſinuating gilds the ſpecious Tale
With treach'rous Praiſe, and with a double Face
Ambiguous Wantonneſs demurely ſneers.
'Till circling Brimmers ev'ry Veil withdraw,
And dauntleſs Impudence appears unmaſk'd.
Others apart, in the cool Shade retir'd,
Silurian Cyder quaff, by that great Bard
Ennobled, who firſt taught my grov'ling Muſe
To mount aerial. O! could I but raiſe

My feeble Voice to his exalted Strains,
Or to the Height of this great Argument,
The gen'rous Liquid in each Line ſhou'd bounce
Spirit'ous, nor oppreſſive Cork ſubdue
Its foaming Rage; but to the lofty Theme
Unequal, Muſe, decline the pleaſing Taſk.

THUS they luxurious, on the graſſy Turf,
Revell'd at large: While nought around was heard
But Mirth confus'd, and undiſtinguiſh'd Joy,
And Laughter far reſounding; ſerious Care
Found here no Place, to *Ganderetta*'s Breaſt
Retiring; there with Hopes, and Fears perplex'd
Her fluctuating Mind. Hence the ſoft Sigh
Eſcapes unheeded, Spight of all her Art;
The trembling Bluſhes, on her lovely Cheeks,
Alternate ebb and flow; from the full Glaſs
She flies abſtemious, ſhuns th' untaſted Feaſt.
But careful *Hobbinol*, whoſe am'rous Eye
From hers ne'er wander'd, haunting ſtill the Place
Where his dear Treaſure lay, diſcover'd ſoon
Her ſecret Woe, and bore a Lover's Part.

Compaſſion melts his Soul; her glowing Cheeks
He kiſs'd, enamour'd, and her panting Heart
He preſs'd to his; then with theſe ſoothing Words,
Tenderly ſmiling, her faint Hopes reviv'd.

" COURAGE, my Fair! the ſplendid Prize is thine.
" Indulgent Fortune will not damp our Joys,
" Nor blaſt the Glories of this happy Day.
" Hear me, ye Swains! Ye Men of *Kiftſgate!* hear:
" Tho' great the Honours by your Hands conferr'd,
" Theſe royal Ornaments, tho' great the Force
" Of this puiſſant Arm, as all muſt own,
" Who ſaw this Day the bold *Gorgonius* fall;
" Yet were I more renown'd for Feats of Arms
" And knightly Proweſs, than that mighty *Guy*,
" So fam'd in antique Song, *Warwick*'s great Earl,
" Who ſlew the Giant *Colbrand*, in fierce Fight
" Maintain'd a Summer's Day, and freed this Realm
" From *Daniſh* Vaſſalage; his pond'rous Sword,
" And maſſy Spear, atteſt the glorious Deed;
" Nor leſs his hoſpitable Soul is ſeen
" In that capacious Cauldron, whoſe large Freight

Might

" Might seaſt a Province: Yet were I like him
" The Nation's Pride, like him I cou'd forego
" All earthly Grandeur, wander thro' the World
" A jocund Pilgrim, in the loneſome Den,
" And rocky Cave, with theſe my royal Hands
" Scoop the cold Stream, with Herbs, and Roots con-
" Mean Suſtenance; cou'd I by this but gain, (tent,
" For the dear Fair, the Prize her Heart deſires.
" Believe me, charming Maid! I'd be a Worm,
" The meaneſt Inſect, and the loweſt Thing
" The World deſpiſes, to enhance thy Fame."
So cheer'd he his fair Queen, and ſhe was cheer'd.

Now with a noble Confidence inſpir'd,
Her Looks aſſure Succeſs; now ſtrip'd of all
Her cumb'rous Veſtments, Beauty's vain Diſguiſe,
She ſhines unclouded in her native Charms.
Her plaited Hair behind her in a Brede
Hung careleſs, with becoming Grace each Bluſh
Varied her Cheeks, than the gay riſing Dawn
More lovely, when the new-born Light ſalutes
The joyful Earth, impurpling half the Skies.

Her

Her heaving Breaſt, thro' the thin Cov'ring view'd,
Fix'd each Beholder's Eye; her taper Thighs,
And Lineaments exact, wou'd mock the Skill
Of *Phidias;* Nature alone can form
Such due Proportion. To compare with her
Oread, or *Dryad*, or of *Delia*'s Train,
Fair Virgin Huntreſs, for the Chaſe array'd
With painted Quiver, and unerring Bow,
Were but to leſſen her ſuperior Mien,
And Goddeſs-like Deport. The Maſter's Hand,
Rare Artiſan! with proper Shades improves
His lively Colouring; ſo here, to grace
Her brighter Charms, next her upon the Plain
Fuſca the Brown appears, with greedy Eye
Views the rich Prize, her tawny Front erects
Audacious, and with her Legs unclean,
Booted with Grime, and with her freckled Skin
Offends the Crowd. She of the Gypſy Train,
Had wander'd long, and the Sun's ſcorching Rays
Imbrown'd her Viſage grim; artful to view
The ſpreading Palm, and with vile Cant deceive
The Love-ſick Maid, who barters all her Store,

For airy Viſions and fallacious Hope.
Gorgonius, if the current Fame ſay true,
Her Comrade once, they many a merry Prank
Together play'd, and many a Mile had ſtrol'd,
For him fit Mate. Next *Tabitha* the tall
Strode o'er the Plain, with huge gigantic Pace,
And overlook'd the Crowd, known far and near
For matchleſs Speed; ſhe many a Prize had won,
Pride of that neighb'ring * Mart, for Muſtard fam'd,
Sharp-biting Grain, where amicably join
The Siſter Floods, and with their liquid Arms
Greeting embrace. Here *Gamaliel* ſage,
Of *Cameronian* Brood, with ruling Rod
Trains up his Babes of Grace, inſtructed well
In all the gainful Diſcipline of Pray'r,
To point the holy Leer, by juſt Degrees
To cloſe the twinkling Eye, t'expand the Palms,
T'expoſe the Whites, and with the ſightleſs Ball
To glare upon the Crowd, to raiſe, or ſink
The docile Voice, now murm'ring ſoft and low
With inward Accent calm, and then again

* Tewkſbury *in the Vale of* Eveſham, *where the* Avon *runs into the* Severn.

In

In foaming Floods of rapt'rous Eloquence,
Let looſe the Storm, and thunder thro' the Noſe
The threat'ned Vengeance: Ev'ry Muſe prophane
Is baniſh'd hence, and *Heliconian* Streams
Deſerted, the fam'd *Leman* Lake ſupplies
More plenteous Draughts, of more divine Import.
Hail, happy Youths! on whom indulgent Heav'n
Each Grace divine beſtows, nor yet denies
Carnal Beatitudes, ſweet Privilege
Of Saints elect! royal Prerogative!
Here in domeſtic Cares employ'd and bound
To annual Servitude, frail *Tabitha*
Her priſtine Vigour loſt, now mourns in vain
Her ſharpen'd Viſage, and the ſickly Qualms
That grieve her Soul; a Prey to Love, while Grace
Slept heedleſs by: Yet her undaunted Mind
Still meditates the Prize, and ſtill ſhe hopes,
Beneath th' unwieldy Load, her wonted Speed.
Others of meaner Fame the ſtately Muſe
Records not, on more lofty Flights intent
She ſpurns the Ground, and mounts her native Skies.

ROOM for the Maſter of the Ring; ye Swains!
Divide your crowded Ranks. See! there on high
The glitt'ring Prize, on the tall Standard born,
Waving in Air; before him march in Files
The rural Minſtrilſy, the rattling Drum
Of ſolemn Sound, and th' animating Horn,
Each Huntſman's Joy; the Tabor and the Pipe,
Companion dear at Feaſts, whoſe cheerful Notes
Give Life, and Motion to th' unwieldy Clown.
E'en Age revives, and the pale puking Maid
Feels ruddy Health rekindling on her Cheeks,
And with new Vigour trips it o'er the Plain.
Counting each careful Step, he paces o'er
Th' allotted Ground, and fixes at the Goal
His Standard, there himſelf majeſtic ſwells.
Stretch'd in a Line, the panting Rivals wait
Th' expected Signal, with impatient Eyes
Meaſure the Space between, and in Conceit
Already graſp the warm-conteſted Prize.
Now all at once ruſh forward to the Goal,
And Step by Step, and Side by Side, they ply

The

Their buſy Feet, and leave the Crowd behind.
Quick heaves each Breaſt, and quick they ſhoot along,
Thro' the divided Air, and bound it o'er the Plain.
To this, to that, capricious Fortune deals
Short Hopes, ſhort Fears, and momentary Joy.
The breathleſs Throng, with open Throat purſue,
And broken Accents ſhout imperfect Praiſe.
Such Noiſe confus'd is heard, ſuch wild Uproar,
When on the Main the ſwelling Surges riſe,
Daſh o'er the Rocks, and hurrying thro' the Flood,
Drive on each others Backs, and crowd the Strand.
Before the reſt tall *Tabitha* was ſeen,
Stretching amain, and whirling o'er the Field;
Swift as the ſhooting Star, that gilds the Night
With rapid tranſient Blaze, ſhe runs, ſhe flies;
Sudden ſhe ſtops, nor longer can endure
The painful Courſe, but drooping ſinks away,
And like that falling Meteor, there ſhe lies
A Jelly cold on Earth. *Fuſca* with Joy,
Beheld her wretched Plight; o'er the pale Corſe
Inſulting bounds; Hope gave her Wings, and now
Exerting all her Speed, Step after Step,

At *Ganderetta*'s Elbow urg'd her Way,
Her Shoulder preſſing, and with pois'nous Breath
Tainting her Iv'ry Neck. Long While had held
The ſharp Conteſt, had not propitious Heav'n
With partial Hands to ſuch tranſcendent Charms
Diſpens'd its Favours. For as o'er the Green
The careleſs Gypſy, with incautions Speed,
Puſh'd forward, and her Rival Fair had reach'd
With equal Pace, and only not o'erpaſs'd;
Haply ſhe treads, where late the merry Train
In waſteful Luxury, and wanton Joy,
Laviſh had ſpilt the Cyder's frothy Flood,
And Mead with Cuſtard mix'd. Surpriz'd, appall'd,
And in the treach'rous Puddle ſtruggling long,
She ſlip'd, ſhe fell, upon her Back ſupine
Extended lay; the laughing Multitude
With noiſy Scorn approve her juſt Diſgrace.
As the ſlick Lev'ret ſkims before the Pack,
So flies the Nymph, and ſo the Crowd purſue.
Born on the Wings of Wind the dear One flies,
Swift as the various Goddeſs, nor leſs bright
In Beauty's Prime; when thro' the yielding Air

She

She darts along, and with refracted Rays
Paints the gay Clouds; celeſtial Meſſenger,
Charg'd with the high Beheſts of Heav'n's great Queen!
Her at the Goal with open Arms receiv'd
Fond *Hobbinol*; with active Leap he ſeiz'd
The coſtly Prize, and laid it at her Feet.
Then pawſing, ſtood dumb with Exceſs of Joy,
Expreſſive Silence! for each tender Glance
Betray'd the Raptures, that his Tongue conceal'd.
Leſs mute the Crowd, in echoing Shouts, applaud
Her Speed, her Beauty, his obſequious Love.

Upon a little Eminence, whoſe Top
O'erlook'd the Plain, a Steep, but ſhort Aſcent,
Plac'd in a Chair of State, with Garlands crown'd,
And loaded with the Fragrance of the Spring,
Fair *Ganderetta* ſhone; like Mother *Eve*
In her gay Sylvan Lodge, delicious Bow'r!
Where Nature's wanton Hand, above the Reach
Of Rule, or Art, had laviſh'd all her Store,
To deck the flow'ry Roof; and at her Side,
Imperial *Hobbinol*, with Front ſublime,

Great as a *Roman* Conſul, juſt return'd
From Cities ſack'd, and Provinces laid waſte,
In his paternal Wicker ſat, enthron'd.
With eager Eyes the Crowd about them preſs,
Ambitious to behold the happy Pair.
Each Voice, each Inſtrument, proclaims their Joy
With loudeſt Vehemence: Such Noiſe is heard,
Such a tumultuous Din, when, at the Call
Of *Britain*'s Sovereign, the ruſtic Bands
O'erſpread the Fields; the ſubtle Candidates
Diſſembled Homage pay, and court the Fools
Whom they deſpiſe; each proud majeſtic Clown
Looks big, and ſhouts amain, mad with the Taſte
Of Pow'r ſupreme, frail Empire of a Day!
That with the ſetting Sun extinct is loſt.

NOR is thy Grandeur, mighty *Hobbinol!*
Of longer Date. Short is, alas! the Reign
Of mortal Pride: We play our Parts a While,
And ſtrut upon the Stage; the Scene is chang'd,
And offers us a Dungeon for a Throne.
Wretched Viciſſitude! for after all

His

His tinſel Dreams of Empire and Renown,
Fortune, capricious Dame, withdraws at once
The goodly Proſpect, to his Eyes preſents
Her, whom his conſcious Soul abhorr'd and fear'd.
Lo! puſhing thro' the Crowd, a meagre Form,
With haſty Step, and Viſage incompos'd!
Wildly he ſtar'd; Rage ſparkled in her Eyes,
And poverty ſat ſhrinking on her Cheeks.
Yet thro' the Cloud, that hung upon her Brows,
A faded Luſtre broke, that dimly ſhone
Shorn of its Beams, the Ruins of a Face,
Impair'd by Time, and ſhatter'd by Misfortunes.
A froward Babe hung at her flabby Breaſt,
And tug'd for Life; but wept, with hideous Moan,
His fruſtrate Hopes, and unavailing Pains.
Another o'er her bending Shoulder peep'd
Swaddled around with Rags of various Hue.
He kens his Comrade-Twin with envious Eye,
As of his Share defrauded; then amain
He alſo ſcreams, and to his Brother's Cries,
In doleful Conſort joins his loud Laments.
O dire Effect of lawleſs Love! O Sting

Of Pleaſures paſt! As when a full-freight Ship,
Bleſt in a rich Return of Pearl, or Gold,
Or fragrant Spice, or Silks of coſtly Die,
Makes to the wiſh'd-for Port with ſwelling Sails,
And all her gaudy Trim diſplay'd; o'erjoy'd
The Maſter ſmiles; but if from ſome ſmall Creek,
A lurking Corſair the rich Quarry ſpies,
With all her Sails bears down upon her Prey,
And Peals of Thunder from her hollow Sides
Check his triumphant Courſe; aghaſt he ſtands,
Stiffen'd with Fear, unable to reſiſt,
And impotent to fly; all his fond Hopes
Are daſh'd at once; nought now, alas! remains
But the ſad Choice of Slavery, or Death.
So far'd it with the hapleſs *Hobbinol*,
In the full Blaze of his triumphant Joy
Surpriz'd by her, whoſe dreadful Face alone
Cou'd ſhake his ſtedfaſt Soul. In vain he turns,
And ſhifts his Place averſe; ſhe haunts him ſtill,
And glares upon him with her haggard Eyes,
That fiercely ſpoke her Wrongs. Words ſwell'd with Sighs
At length burſt forth, and thus ſhe ſtorms enrag'd.

"KNOW'ST

" KNOW'ST thou not me? falſe Man! not to know me
" Argues thyſelf unknowing of thyſelf,
" Puff'd up with Pride, and bloated with Succeſs.
" Is injur'd *Mopſa* then ſo ſoon forgot?
" Thou knew'ſt me once, ah! woe is me! thou didſt.
" But if laborious Days, and ſleepleſs Nights,
" If Hunger, Cold, Contempt, and Penury,
" Inſeparable Gueſts, have thus diſguis'd
" Thy once belov'd, thy Hand-maid dear; if thine
" And Fortune's Frowns have blaſted all my Charms;
" If here no Roſes grow, no Lillies bloom,
" Nor rear their Heads on this neglected Face;
" If thro' the World I range a ſlighted Shade,
" The Ghoſt of what I was, forlorn, unknown;
" At leaſt know theſe. See! this ſweet ſimp'ring Babe,
" Dear Image of thyſelf; ſee! how it ſprunts
" With Joy at thy Approach; ſee! how it gilds
" Its ſoft ſmooth Face, with falſe paternal Smiles!
" Native Deceit, from thee, baſe Man, deriv'd!
" Or view this other Elf, in ev'ry Art
" Of ſmiling Fraud, in ev'ry treach'rous Leer,

" The

" The very *Hobbinol!* Ah! cruel Man!
" Wicked, ingrate! And cou'd'ſt thou then ſo ſoon,
" So ſoon forget that pleaſing fatal Night,
" When me beneath the flow'ry Thorn ſurpriz'd,
" Thy artful Wiles betray'd? Was there a Star,
" By which thou didſt not ſwear? Was there a Curſe,
" A Plague on Earth, thou didſt not then invoke
" On that devoted Head; if e'er thy Heart
" Prov'd Haggard to my Love, if e'er thy Hand
" Declin'd the nuptial Bond? But, oh! too well,
" Too well alas! my throbbing Breaſt perceiv'd
" The black impending Storm; the conſcious Moon
" Veil'd in a ſable Cloud her modeſt Face,
" And boding Owls proclaim'd the dire Event.
" And yet I love thee.—Oh! cou'd'ſt thou behold
" That Image dwelling in my Heart! But why?
" Why waſte I here theſe unavailing Tears?
" On this thy Minion, on this tawdry Thing,
" On this gay Victim, thus with Garlands crown'd,
" All, all, my Vengeance fall! Ye Lightnings blaſt
" That Face accurs'd, the Source of all my Woe!
" Arm, arm, ye Furies! arm; all Hell break looſe!

" While

" While thus I lead you to my juſt Revenge,
" And thus"---- Upſtarts th' aſtoniſh'd *Hobbinol*
To ſave his better Half. " Fly, fly, he cries,
" Fly, my dear Life, the Fiend's malicious Rage."
Born on the Wings of Fear away ſhe bounds,
And in the neighb'ring Village pants, forlorn.
So the cours'd Hare to the cloſe Covert flies,
Still trembling, tho' ſecure. Poor *Hobbinol*
More grievous Ills attend, around him preſs
A Multitude, with huge *Herculean* Clubs,
Terrific Band! the royal Mandate theſe
Inſulting ſhew: Arreſted, and amaz'd,
Half dead he ſtands; no Friends dare interpoſe,
But bow dejected to th' imperial Scroll.
Such is the Force of Law. While conſcious Shame
Sits heavy on his Brow, they view the Wretch,
To *Rhadamanth*'s auguſt Tribunal drag'd.
Good *Rhadamanth!* to ev'ry wanton Clown
Severe, indulgent to himſelf alone.

F I N I S.